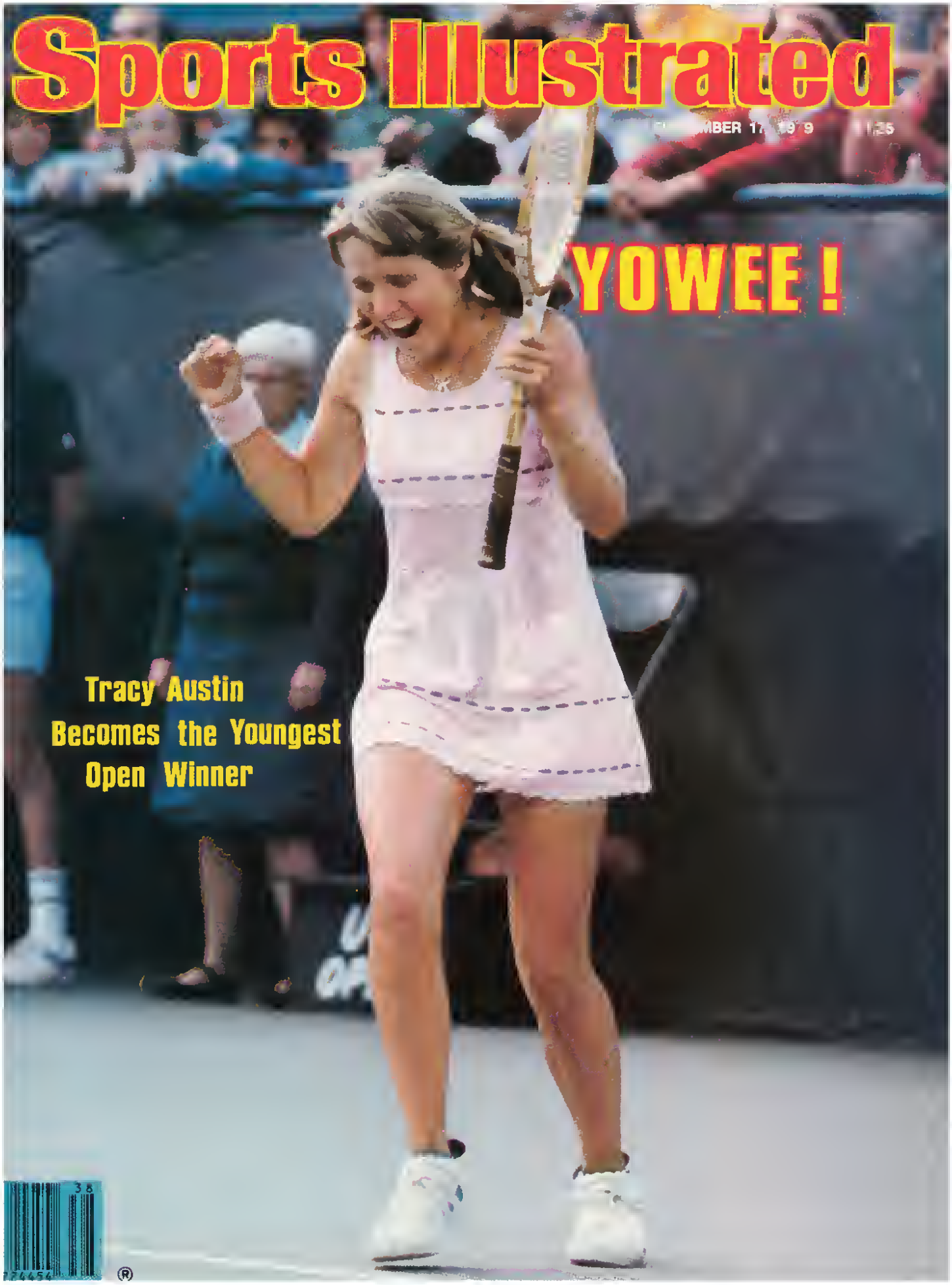
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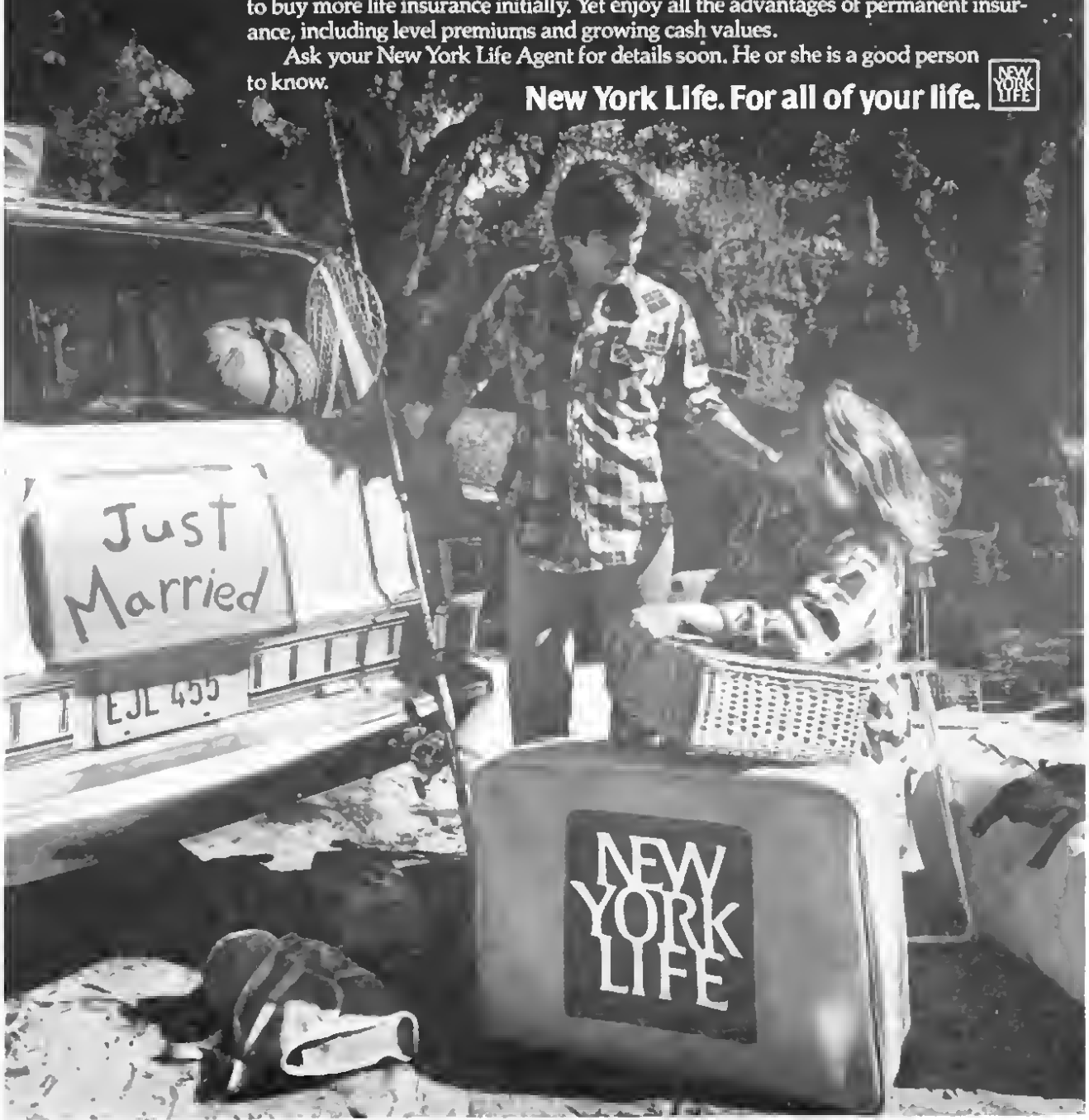

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TRANSATLANTIC GOLF with a twist: a team of the 12 best pros from Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent face a dozen top U.S. players in the biennial Ryder Cup Matches in four-ball, foursomes and singles. Dan Jenkins is at The Greenbrier.

"YOU GOTTA HAVE 'WA' " could be the theme song of Japanese baseball, but author Robert Whiting says "wa"—the concept of team unity taking precedence over individual flash—is an idea that U.S. players in Japan have difficulty understanding.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

NEWMAN PICKS UP COLOR FROM ROCK 'N' ROLLEN

Editors at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are a resilient species, capable of casting an indulgent eye upon the most improbable of story ideas. Sometimes they find it best not to ask too many questions. But when writer Bruce Newman wandered into editor Peter Carry's office and asked if he could do a piece for us on a chicken, a man whose first name is Krazy, a guy with rainbow-colored hair, a trick-shot peanut vendor and a dancing fool, it was too much.

Carry had to ask why, though he knew full well that Newman had done his share of stories on peculiar subjects. For example, he had covered a high school catapulting tournament and profiled a coon squaller. But, even for Newman, the request seemed a bit much.

"I have always been interested in people who are involved in sports in some peripheral way," he says, "people who are involved in the game but don't actually play in it. They don't have stats, so sportswriters generally ignore them, but the fans seem to like them."

Newman's interest in such colorful characters developed while he was attending high school in Evansville, Ind. "There was a man named Marv who was at all the games, wearing layers of letter sweaters and varsity jackets from every school in town," he says. "If the school on the outside layer of Marv's wardrobe wasn't winning a particular game, he would simply stand up and start ripping off sweaters and jackets until he came to the right one."

Marv also posted the runs, hits and errors on the scoreboard for the Evansville Triplets, the local Triple-A baseball team. "He was supposed to wait for a call from the press box for the official scorer's ruling," says Newman, "but sometimes he would simply make his own decision. On the rather frequent occasions when he was wrong, Marv would correct his error and then wave to the press box to let everybody know that everything was all right. Once, when a player phoned the press box to complain about a scorer's ruling, the call was transferred to Marv. I doubt if that player ever questioned a scorer's decision again."

But Marv had nothing on the folks who populate Newman's *Some Wild and Krazy Guys*, which begins on page 62. "Almost every major league city now has a character like the ones I've written about," says Newman, "but my guys are the pioneers, and they're still the best at what they do."

One of the things they do best, as Newman discovered, is disrupt things wherever they go. "I took the Peanut Man to lunch in Los Angeles," says Newman, "and when a fan recognized him, he started heaving bags of peanuts all over the restaurant. A waitress in Seattle kept asking Rock 'n' Rollen if she could touch his rainbow-colored hair. And Krazy George got so worked up while impugning the integrity of several Boston Bruins that I thought he had choked on his prime ribs and leaped to my feet to help him. George just sat there and looked at me as if *I* was crazy. I thought that took a bit of cheek, all things considered."

Cheek, however, is just what Newman's friends have in unlimited supply.

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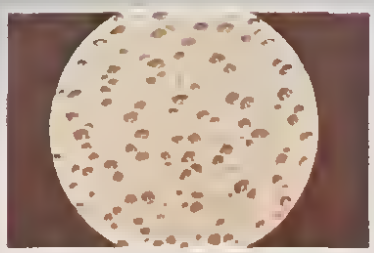

The Cushin sole, with its tiny air pockets, not only feels good but wears well

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BOOKTALK

by ANDY MEISLER

THE YO-YO BOOK BY A WOMAN WHO CAN ROCK THE BABY ON THE EIFFEL TOWER

Not a worry, not a care,
With the yo-yo you've quite a flare,
It's "Heleena Goldeena" doing the
Shooting Star.
Best Wishes, Good Luck, may you
rocket far!

Thus reads the inscription, fondly penned by her cousin Lois, in Helane Goldstein's P.S 86 autograph book. It recalls a curious obsession during the early '50s, while her girl friends in the Bronx were playing with Betsy Wetsy dolls, young Helane was "Rocking the Baby" with her genuine Duncan Yo-Yo In fact, so diligent was she at practicing that she won several yo-yo contests in front of her neighborhood candy store. A traveling Duncan "Yo-Yo Man"—organizer of the contests, yo-yo virtuoso and Helane's girlhood idol—duly awarded her a junior instructor patch. It was her responsibility, he said, to teach kids to "Walk-the-Dog," "Skin-the-Cat," and perform "the Creeper" in his absence.

And so she did Maintaining her "flare" beyond all reasonable expectations, Helane grew up and became a Berkeley, Calif schoolteacher famous for her spectacular classroom yo-yo confiscations. "I'd take 'em away and do 10 or 12 tricks," she says. In 1976, after spotting the want ad of her dreams in the San Francisco *Chronicle* ("Yo-Yo demonstrator wanted, must be adept at handling same"), she ran away from school to become one of the few female yo-yo pros in the country "Now *I* give out the patches," she says And after two years of research, she has produced the definitive yo-yo source book

World On A String, by Helane Goldstein Zeiger (Contemporary Books, $5 95) is a compact collection of yo-yo history, technique and lore The bulk of the book is instructional. Aspiring tricksters are started off with the humble "Sleeper" and then led through intermediate maneuvers—the "Three-Leaf-Clover," the "Elevator," and the "Guillotine"—to the exacting world of advanced-class yo-yo. Here Zeiger gives instructions on how to perform the legendary "Texas Star" and "Brain Twister" and the awesome "Two-Handed-Reach-For-The-Moon." There are, however, compensations for the klutzy.

Zeiger retells the story of how Donald F. Duncan, having patented the Yo-Yo trademark in 1928, hired a crew of Filipino "professionals" to popularize his product. In the '40s and '50s there were statewide competitions, big prizes, "Butterflies," "Imperials" and all the rest But in 1965 an unexpected surge in yo-yo popularity caught the Duncan Company unprepared. Unable to fill its orders, Duncan was forced to sell its trademark to the highest bidder. Today Duncans are made by a company called Flambeau Plastics.

Not to worry. Zeiger reports that Flambeau has kept a number of Duncan professionals in its employ, some approaching 50 years of service. And Zeiger presents a tribute to them in her afterword. "There are a few yo-yo tricks I have purposely not included in this book," she writes. "Tricks such as 'Crazy Cradle,' 'Rock-the-Baby-on-the-Eiffel Tower,' 'Atomic Bomb,' and 'Chinese Puzzle' are still the secrets of the 'Yo-Yo Professionals.' When they perform these tricks, their hands are faster than the eye.

"To tell you how to do them would dispel the magic." END

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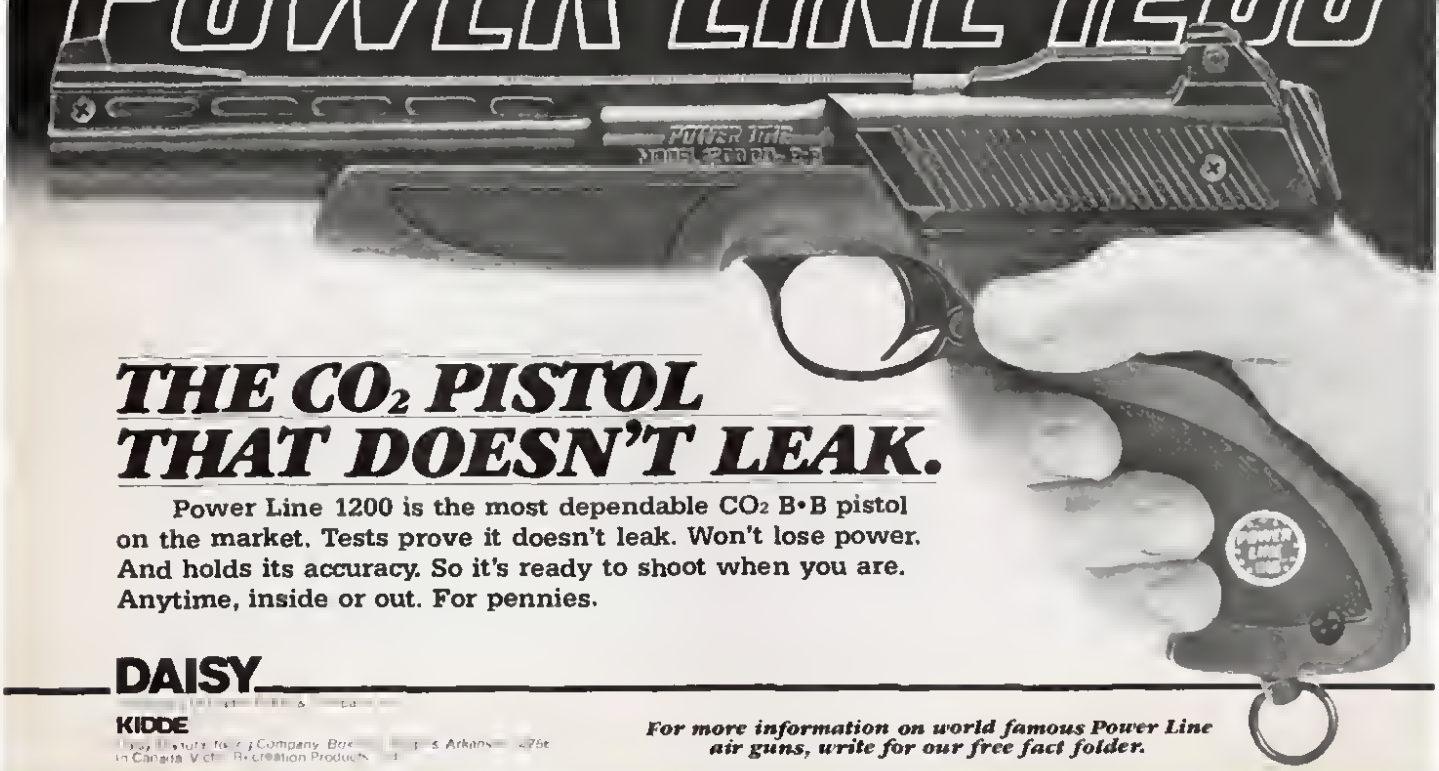

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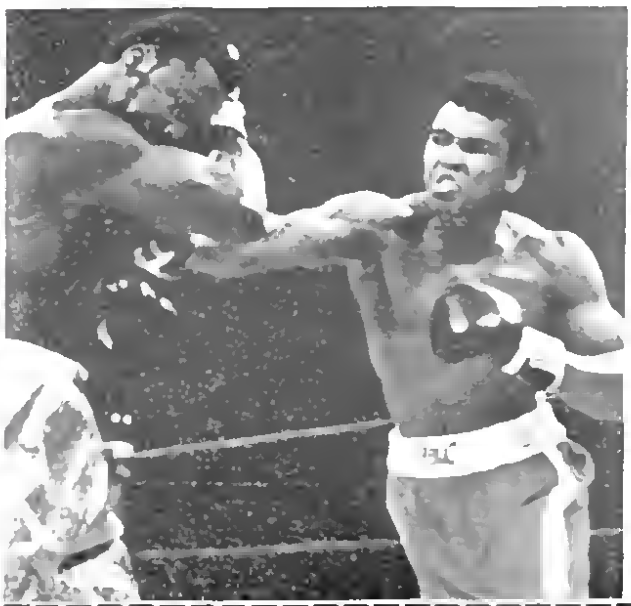

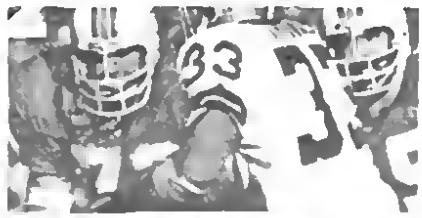

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

SHOELESS JOE'S BIOGRAPHY SCRUBS SOME OF THE STAIN OFF THE BLACK SOX

If there's a sadder figure than Shoeless Joe Jackson in the long and intricate history of baseball, his name doesn't come quickly to mind. No better "natural hitter" may ever have played the game, yet throughout Jackson's career he was vilified as an illiterate and a coward. His rivalry with Ty Cobb was more a creation of the sportswriters than a reality, but he always seemed to come out second best anyway. And his career ended in utter disgrace when he was barred from organized baseball because of his role—the exact nature of which has never been clear—in the Black Sox scandal of 1919.

Jackson was, Cobb recalled in his autobiography, "a Southerner like myself, a friendly, simple and gullible sort of fellow." He seems to have deserved little if any of the calumny heaped upon him, to have been a victim of circumstances he could neither control nor fully understand. So it is good that a sympathetic biographer, Donald C. Gropman, has made an effort to set the record straight in *Say It Ain't So, Joe! The Story of Shoeless Joe Jackson* (Little, Brown, $9.95), an excerpt of which appeared in this magazine in the June 25 issue.

Gropman has done plenty of digging and has found much material favorable to his subject. His basic argument is that sportswriters of Jackson's day fabricated the myth of Jackson as South Carolina bumpkin and tailored their copy to fit it. "... most writers wrote what they wanted about Joe, as if he were a fictional character whose exploits they were inventing."

Jackson's illiteracy was undeniable, but he proved to be quite savvy in off-the-field business dealings. The "cowardice" rap originated with his reluctance to play ball in the big city, but Gropman can find no evidence that Jackson shirked any important challenges. As for his role in the Black Sox scandal, it seems to have been peripheral at worst—a view supported by other writers who have pointed out his excellent play in the 1919 Series.

There can be no question that he was the victim of arbitrary treatment by Commissioner Landis, who expelled him from the game despite a jury's finding of innocence and then refused to give him a fair hearing on appeal. If Gropman's biography helps Jackson gain posthumous restoration to baseball's good graces, it will have been worth the writing. It's a rather flat book in which Jackson's personality never really emerges, but Gropman's heart is in the right place. END

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Grand Macnish Sports Flashback

DETROIT, 1953 – In his third year as quarterback for the San Francisco 49ers, Y.A. Tittle was turning it around for the often luckless band from the coast. The team was having its best season in the NFL and a division championship was possible. Tittle in fact, thought it was highly probable.

The title was on his mind when the 49ers came to Detroit for their first seasonal meeting with the defending National Football League champions.

One guy particularly was on Y.A.'s mind. The tough and quick Lion defensive back Jim David. The sophomore sensation had been terrorizing enemy quarterbacks confusing their pass patterns, picking off a few and occasionally busting up a critical play on a safety-blitz.

Jim David, too, had been thinking. He noted that Tittle was doubly dangerous because he could run – and he would have to watch for Y.A. on the bootleg.

The battle waged evenly on that crisp afternoon. Tittle, as expected, was shooting it to the Lions but nearing halftime, the Lions still clung to a 14-7 lead.

And then... Y.A. faked a handoff and started around the right side on a bootleg play. It caught the Lions by surprise, but David saw it and was cutting across the field to make the hit.

Tittle saw daylight and chugged for the end zone. About a yard away, a Lion coming from nowhere grabbed him low, hitting with such velocity it carried Y.A. into the end zone. David had struck – and though the score was tied at 14-all, the game was over for Tittle, whose face had somehow collided with David's knee.

The Lions finally won, 24-21.

Looking back on that game, Y.A. remembers it with painful clarity.

"I looked in the mirror in the dressing room at halftime and my whole face was caved in," Tittle recalls. "I had 40 bone chips in it. They had to make a special helmet with a plastic bar across the face so I could play. I missed the next game. And I also missed the last game with Detroit, which we lost. Those two losses cost us the divisional title. We were 9-3 that season and they were 10-2."

"I'm not mad at Jim," Y.A. smiled. "He made up for his size by being one of the most aggressive players the game has ever seen. He was a mean little son of a gun, but I liked him."

David also remembers 1953 and Y.A. Tittle.

"Tittle was a sensational quarterback that year," David reminisces. "And he was tough, too. When he got into trouble, he could run. Yeah, I remember the play, because I was looking for it. You had to be aware with Y.A. It might have been different if he hadn't gotten hurt. It was all between us and them that year."

Y.A. Tittle, missing three games, threw 20 touchdown passes in 1953 and had a 57.5 completion percentage. He was elected to the Hall of Fame in 1971.

Jim David played only eight years but left his mark. He made the All-Pro team in 1954 and played in six straight Pro Bowls – 1955-60.

Old No. 14 (Tittle) and Old No. 25 (David) are friends today, although Y.A. says "He's still a little mean."

Footloose

by TIM SMITH

THE ADIRONDACK MUSEUM EXPLORES 100 YEARS OF WILDERNESS CAMPING

In 1854 an Adirondack Mountains guide named Tucker wrote to a patron, "It's an interestin' study to look into things as they were so long back and see what wild animals, birds, fishes, and such things then existed, to know what of them have been pushed entirely out of the world and what of 'em have been left, and to understand what changes white men and tame life all around 'em have worked on 'em." The Adirondacks are still an interestin' background against which to assess the changes that accompany the arrival of the "tame life," and now, as Lake Placid readies itself for the 1980 Winter Olympics, the Adirondack Museum in Blue Mountain Lake, N.Y. has opened an enlightening exhibit that touches on elements of that change. Called Woods and Waters, the permanent exhibit depicts outdoor recreation in the region from 1830 to 1932.

Established 23 years ago under a charter from the Regents of the State of New York, the museum is not one of those musty, old-fashioned collections of odds and ends. Here everything is carefully chosen and artfully displayed and explained by handsome graphics and push-button Hearphones. At the beginning of a "trail" through Woods and Waters, which takes about 45 minutes to view, a full-scale model of a mountain camp transports the museumgoer to the 19th-century woods. It is dark. A brook murmurs nearby, the night sounds of frogs and birds fill the air. Invisible bodies bulge the sleeping bags inside an improvised, bark-covered lean-to. Provisions are sheltered under an overturned guide boat, fly rods and nets are propped up nearby, the embers of the cook fire still glow, and enameled cups and plates are stacked to one side. Because nothing in the appealing scene is unfamiliar—or even anachronistic—its effect is to make the visitor want to head immediately for the real woods.

The Adirondacks, like most wild areas, does not reveal itself from the roads. To be truly enjoyed it has to be traveled on foot or in a boat, by way of chains of lakes, carries and rivers. Long before today's avid backpackers arrived on the scene, visitors to these mountains carried their necessities in ash-splint Abenaki or Mohawk pack baskets, examples of which are displayed at the exhibit. The backpacker's creed was uttered a century ago by Adirondack sportsman George Washington Sears (better known as Nessmuk): "Go light, the lighter the better, so that you have the simplest material for health, comfort, and enjoyment." Nessmuk's tiny cedar canoe, weighing only 10½ pounds, can be found in the museum's exhibit of water craft.

Woods and Waters also contains numerous examples of early camping, fishing, mountain-climbing, hunting and winter-sports equipment. This gear differs less than might be expected from present-day products, though there are some obvious changes. The old fly rods often had rattan-wrapped grips, the Milan reels were beautifully made of brass and nickel. Trout flies were gaudy and heavily tied. In tents and sleeping bags, inconspicuous colors were the rule, a far cry from the vivid oranges and reds that brighten today's campsites.

A century ago, the exhibit indicates, many outdoorsmen feared that the Adirondacks would soon be ruined by overuse. "The woods are thronged," wrote surveyor Verplanck Colvin in 1887. "The genius of change has possession of the land." Indeed, the lynx and timber wolf have been extirpated, and the beaver were nearly trapped out at one time; but until fairly recently Colvin's worries about throngs in the forest were ill-founded.

Oddly enough, what struck me as the quaintest feature of Woods and Waters is the final exhibit, a diorama that shows a typical, present-day camping scene: here sits the modern camper-van, its rear doors open to reveal a jumble of equipment—frame packs, gas lantern, Coleman stove and cooler. With its implication of road-boundedness, of engine sounds and slamming doors, it couldn't be further from the spirit of that opening scene. Fortunately, all these modern gadgets are not necessary for camping in the wilderness. That point is made by no less an authority than the famed Adirondack hermit Noah John Rondeau. Rondeau died in 1967, but his voice, in a taped interview, can be heard from a hidden speaker. While gazing at a reconstruction of Rondeau's Cold River hut and a wooden statue of him, the visitor can listen to him advise that future generations, no matter how accustomed they become to conveniences, would have no trouble adapting to wilderness living because it is based as much on necessity as on choice. "If they were crowded back to it," says Rondeau, "they could adjust. Because you see it's natural."

That confidence in nature permeates much of the Woods and Waters exhibit. If you would like to share it, you will find the museum in the heart of the Adirondacks on Route 28 and it can be reached from the New York Thruway (Exit 31 at Utica) or from the Warrensburg exit of the Adirondack Northway (I-87). It is open from mid-June to mid-October, 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m., and costs $3.75 for adults, $1.75 for children 7-15. END

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Sideline

by TODD BREWSTER

THESE BASEBALL TRIVIA EXPERTS FIND THE FIGURES DON'T ALWAYS ADD UP

If baseball statisticians are gripping their pencils a little tighter this year, it may be because they've heard about the Society for American Baseball Research (SABR), a group of self-avowed trivialists who refuse to take the record book at face value. SABR was started eight years ago by L. Robert Davids of Washington, D.C., once a regular contributor of statistical findings to *The Sporting News*, who wanted to get together with a few fans to share his enthusiasm for the game's minutiae. But the organization kept expanding so that today its membership has surpassed 950, the group has published the first record book of outstanding minor league players and its research has uncovered some errors in the official major league records.

SABR members (including former Washington Senator First Baseman Mickey Vernon, Detroit Tiger broadcaster Ernie Harwell and NBC *Game of the Week* statistician Alan Roth) pay $15 a year for a bimonthly newsletter, an annual *Baseball Research Journal* and any other SABR publications. (For membership information, write SABR, P.O. Box 323, Cooperstown, N.Y. 13326.)

SABR's studies are detailed, if somewhat recondite. For example, the 1978 *Journal* includes a remembrance of the excellent minor league teams of Rocky Mount, N.C., an analysis of the contributions of Canadian players to the major leagues and an article entitled "Clarifying Some of the Records," which shows that Cy Young's 1904 record streak of hitless innings actually reached 25⅓ instead of the 23 claimed.

Other research by members has revealed that Tris Speaker tied Home Run Baker for the 1912 home run title with 10, though Speaker was officially credited with only nine homers and that the 1910 American League batting title probably should have gone to Larry Lajoie, not Ty Cobb.

Clifford Kachline, Baseball Hall of Fame historian and SABR president, pins the blame for such inaccuracies on the oldtime statisticians. "A lot of errors were made back then in counting the totals at the end of the season," he says. "Our members have gone back and tallied each hit, RBI and home run from box score to box score to arrive at their totals." Their work has not gone unnoticed. The most important error the SABR members found—that Babe Ruth had only 2,204 RBIs instead of the 2,209 claimed—has resulted in a change in the official record book. You can look it up. END

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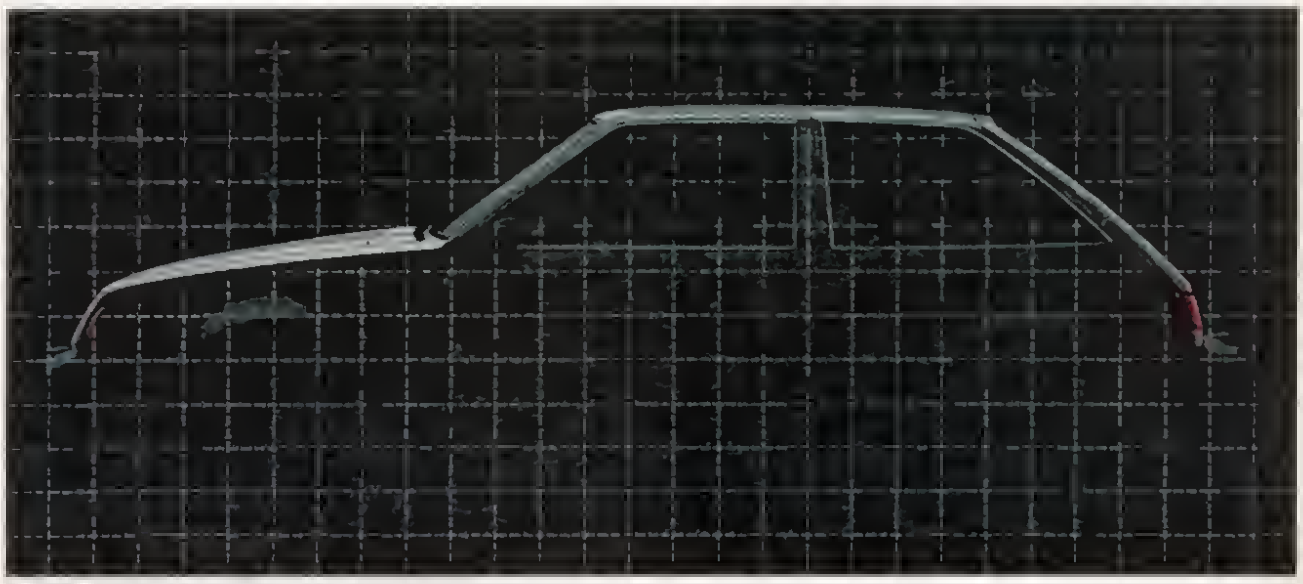

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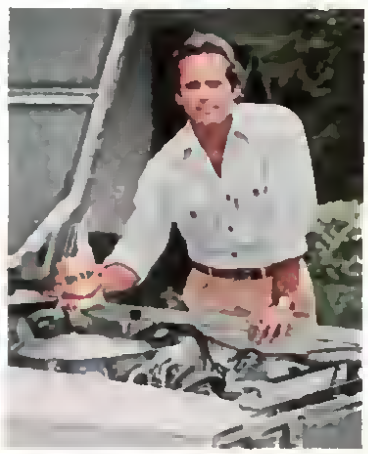

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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

BONUS BABE

At a press conference in Los Angeles last Wednesday, the Indiana Pacers announced the signing of four-time UCLA basketball All-America Ann Meyers to a one-year, no-cut contract, at a reported salary of $50,000. With that, Meyers became the first woman to sign as a player with an NBA team.

The 5′ 9″, 140-pound Meyers starred at forward for the Bruins, averaging 17.4 points per game, and was a member of the silver medal-winning U.S. Olympic team in 1976. Everyone who has watched her in action agrees that she is a player with unusual gifts and finely honed talents. These and all other considerations aside, however, she is simply too small to perform in a league in which the player average is 6′ 6″ and 205 pounds.

At her press conference, Meyers said, "If I didn't think I could compete, I wouldn't be here. I don't want to embarrass anyone, including myself."

The signing prompted charges that Pacer owner Sam Nassi was staging a publicity stunt, which Nassi vehemently denied. But Coach Slick Leonard, who has never seen Meyers play, admitted that it was "unusual" to sign a free agent to a guaranteed contract before training camp opened.

At a time when the NBA's image has slipped, the signing of Meyers is the type of hokey move that will hardly add needed luster. As Red Auerbach, that sage of the Celtics, says, "I know Annie and she's a nice girl, but this is reminiscent of Bill Veeck signing that midget."

THE EYES HAVE IT

Results of eye tests done at July's National Sports Festival in Colorado Springs are in, and the findings are interesting, if not surprising. Ice-hockey goalies had the best eyesight, and synchronized swimmers the worst distance vision of the athletes tested.

Ten optometrists, all members of the Sports Vision Section of the American Optometric Association, analyzed the sight of performers in a variety of sports. According to Dr. William Harrison, a Laguna Beach, Calif. eye specialist who coordinated the project, many athletes, whether or not they are aware of it, gravitate to their sports according to the degree of their visual acuity. Swimming doesn't require acute vision, while a fast-paced game such as hockey demands sharp sight and quick hand-eye reflexes. Competition also filters out those whose sight is ill-suited to their sports. A myopic goalie is likely to be a mediocre goalie, too.

Not measured in this study was the sight of the judges, referees and umpires. Too bad. Such tests might have provided the most interesting results of all.

MOVING ON

It has been more than a year since Patriot Wide Receiver Darryl Stingley suffered a paralyzing injury during an exhibition game between New England and Oakland. For most of the time since then, Stingley has been undergoing rehabilitative therapy at a Chicago clinic and has shied away from the attentions of the public. That is, until last week.

Arrangements were made by Patriot owner Billy Sullivan to bring Stingley to New England's opener Monday night against Pittsburgh at Foxboro, Mass. Before the game Sullivan announced that he had named Stingley executive director of player personnel, and that the job was his for as long as he wanted it. The team would also continue to pay his sizable medical expenses.

Though no formal ceremony was held, Stingley's presence was announced to the crowd—not before the kickoff or at halftime, as is the practice, but after the second quarter had begun. The ovation by the 60,978 fans lasted seven minutes.

At halftime ABC-TV aired an interview with Stingley in which Howard Cosell asked about Jack Tatum, the Oakland Raider who had hit Stingley on the paralyzing play. Stingley said that he had never heard from Tatum. That exchange led to an interview with Tatum later in the week. He was asked if he had anything he wanted to say to Stingley. Lamely, he wished him a "speedy recovery."

Obviously, neither man was eager to discuss the other. Tatum still plays for Oakland, and Stingley is trying valiantly to meet the challenge of reordering his life. What happened the last time they met should not be forgotten, especially by those charged with regulating conditions under which a violent game is played. But it is time for these two men to be granted surcease from repeated public discussion of a tragic occurrence.

MARS BAR BARRED

After No Bombs, the 2-to-1 favorite, won the Sean Memorial Handicap Hurdle last April at England's Worcester Racecourse, the standard postrace urinalysis

revealed trace amounts of caffeine and theobromine, two forbidden substances. No Bombs was disqualified and first place was awarded to Albion Prince, who had finished second by eight lengths. The stewards' decision cost trainer Peter Easterby his share of the winner's purse.

Easterby appealed, claiming that the drugs had been administered unknowingly. It seems that on the way to the start the playful gelding had snatched a Mars bar from his stableboy's pocket, and the trace chemicals were from the chocolate. With the help of scientists, Easterby persuaded Jockey Club officials to waive what might have been a heavy fine, but the final result of the race was unchanged.

There was a lesson in all this, said a Jockey Club spokesman, echoing the sen-

continued

timents of generations of complexion-conscious teen-agers: "Sugar lumps and peppermints are fine ... but anything with chocolate is hell."

BOLTIN' ZOLTAN

Perhaps because everyone was so busy keeping track of the dramatic events surrounding the defection to the U.S. last month of Bolshoi Ballet star Aleksandr Godunov, nobody was paying attention to the whereabouts of Zoltan Toth. Toth, the goalie for the Hungarian national soccer team, mysteriously disappeared while his team was playing in a tournament in Cadiz, Spain. Now Toth has surfaced, just as mysteriously, in an unlikely spot. Allentown, Pa.

Well, not so unlikely, as it turns out. The Pennsylvania Stoners of the American Soccer League are based in Allentown, and Stoner Coach Willie Ehrlich is Hungarian. Although they had never met, Ehrlich knew of Toth's desire to defect, and so the 23-year-old goalie is now working out with the Stoners on a temporary work visa arranged by Ehrlich.

FIFA, the body governing international soccer, will have to decide Toth's status as a player before he can sign with a team, but chances are slim that he'll ever show up in the Stoner lineup. Money, not politics, was Toth's reason for defecting, and the ASL is in no position to outbid the NASL for his services.

PITCH AND PUTT

Gene Mauch of the Minnesota Twins is widely considered to be one of the most astute managers in baseball, not merely because he knows the rule book inside out and is a shrewd strategist, but also because he seems to concentrate on baseball to the exclusion of all else.

Ah, but that's only part of the Mauch method. During the off-season he is all golf. "Between October and February I probably hit more balls than any touring pro," he says. "On an average day I might hit 300 practice balls in the morning, play 36 holes by midafternoon and hit another 300 balls before dinner.

"I've learned a lot about hitting a baseball from studying the golf swing. For instance, it's a mistaken notion that you open your stance if you want to pull the ball. As any golfer knows, an open stance results in a slice, not a hook."

Despite some obvious dissimilarities, baseball and golf have much in common. Both involve hand-eye coordination, intense concentration and the same muscles in the forearm and back. With no time limit and a wide-open playing area, an afternoon of golf or baseball can produce extraordinary predicaments.

Anyone who remains unconvinced of the baseball-golf connection should consider the following. Now that Washington, D.C. lawyer Edward Bennett Williams has purchased the Baltimore Orioles, there is speculation that he will build a new stadium for them between Baltimore and Washington. Bird watchers already have a name for such a relocated franchise: the Bal-Washers.

WORDS OF WISDOM

All-Pro Defensive Lineman Alan Page, who is practicing law in Minneapolis as well as playing for the Chicago Bears, feels compelled to spread the word about the value of an education. "This coming off-season, I am going to speak to schools in St. Paul and Minneapolis, and talk to the students, mostly minority students, to let them know that there is more to life than athletics," Page told Charley McKenna of *The Minneapolis Tribune*. "It's better to get an education than to play football. ... The number of people who make it as professional athletes is so small it's crazy."

Page admits that his recent decision to play three more seasons was based on the financial security his new contract will give him as he embarks on his legal career. But his devotion to the game is limited. "I went to law school to get away from it. When you remove money from the picture ... I would have given up the game a long time ago. What I do as a football player has a challenge in it, to overcome physical limitations ... but beyond that there is not much."

NEW MATH?

The line in the agate type in your paper last Wednesday that read United States 145, Saudi Arabia 21, was no typo. It was the correct score of a men's basketball game played at the World University Games in Mexico City. In fact, the U.S. may have held down the score against the Saudis (more petro-diplomacy?), because earlier it had *really* romped over Sudan 173–14. Not to be outdone, Yugoslavia, which was favored to win the gold medal, defeated Tanzania 152–20.

With teams from Mali, Morocco, Angola and many other basketball "weakhouses" participating in the Games, it was inevitable that some of the matchups would be ludicrously uneven. Not all of them, however. The U.S. later played Yugoslavia and lost by the more familiar score of 79–73.

FOILED AGAIN

Several weeks ago Ashley Whippet seemed well on his way to recovering the crown he lost to Dink in the fifth World K-9 Frisbee Catch & Fetch Championship (SCORECARD, Aug. 27). Alas, it was not to be. The three-time champion didn't even qualify for the finals of this year's tournament in Pasadena's Rose Bowl, where, before a crowd of 35,000, Dink snatched the title again.

Ashley did make a token appearance in the Rose Bowl, in an invitational distance competition, beating four dogs by racing 75 yards to catch a Frisbee.

There was another species represented at the championships. This year's overall winners in the human categories were Scott Zimmerman, a 17-year-old high school senior from McLean, Va., and Teresa Gaman, a 29-year-old secretary at Stanford University, who lives in Menlo Park, Calif.

AGONY OF DUH FEET

It is fine with the Philadelphia Eagles if rookie Tony Franklin sheds his right shoe when he kicks. In fact, they want him to do just that. After all, Franklin starred at Texas A&M for four years by kicking field goals and conversions au *naturel*. But they prefer that he stay shod the rest of the time.

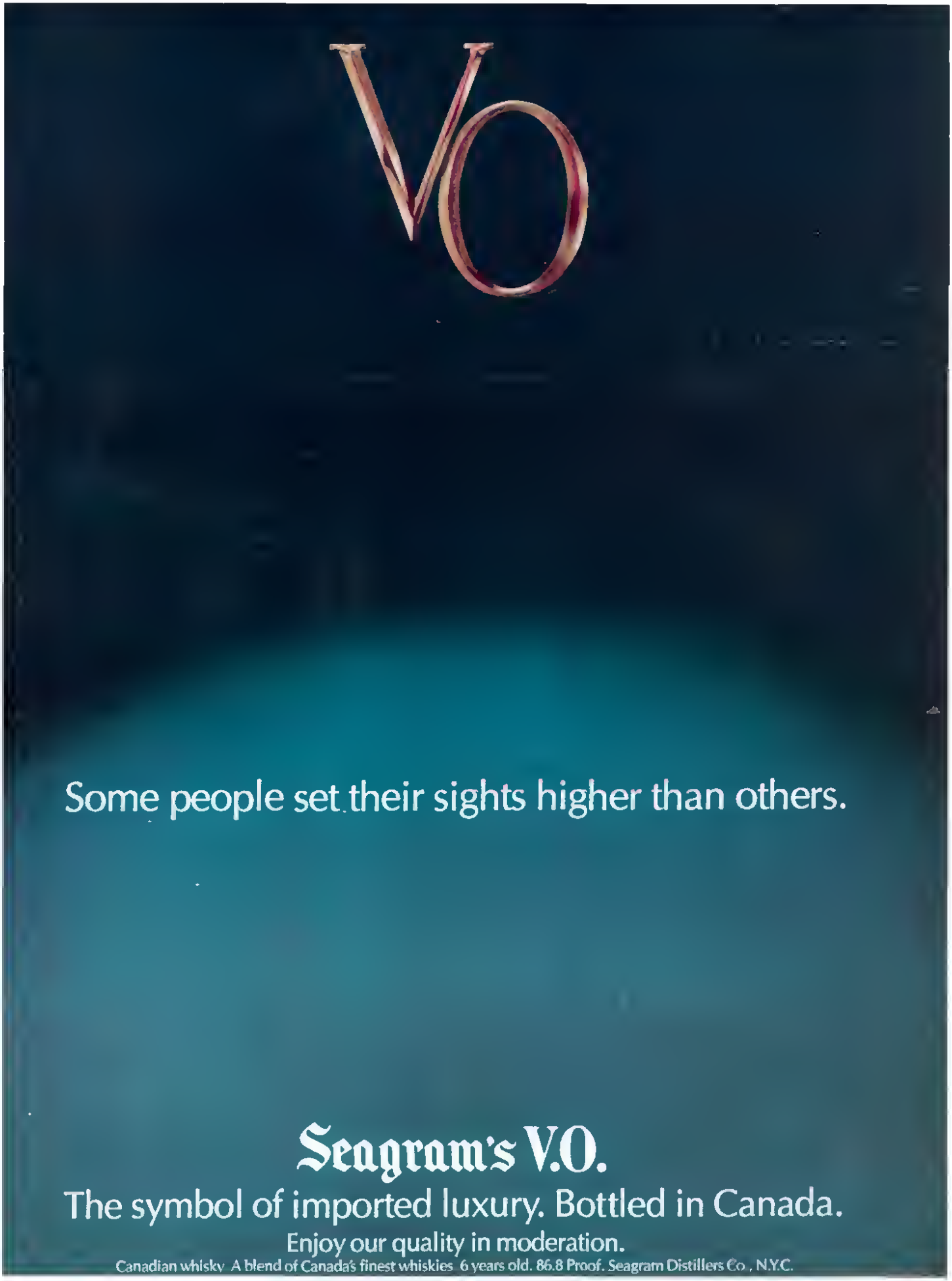
"They were going to fine me in training camp for going barefoot," says Franklin. "I guess they were afraid I'd step on a nail or glass."

Eagle Player Personnel Director Carl Peterson detailed the penalty Franklin would have incurred had he been caught again going barefoot off the field: "It's a $200 fine—$150 for the right foot and $50 for the left."

THEY SAID IT

- Reggie Williams, Cincinnati Bengal linebacker, assessing his physical talents: "Speed, strength and the ability to recognize pain immediately."
- Joaquin Andujar, Houston Astro pitcher who is a native of the Dominican Republic: "There's one word in America that says everything—'You never know.' "

END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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 17, 1979

THE OPEN WAS

CLOSED

When it came down to the finals at Flushing Meedow, it wes strictly a New York affair, John McEnroe, local boy made good, doing a number on Vitas Gerulaitis, local boy made not so good, to win the U.S. Open

by **CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The U.S. Open turned out to be the New York Closed. After nearly two weeks of moaning and groaning and complaining and defaulting that both dominated and diminished American tennis' premier event, it was hardly astonishing that a tough New Yorker named John McEnroe was still left last Sunday evening stomping and yapping and punching the lights out of another New Yorker named Vitas Gerulaitis.

Bjorn Borg long since had shown he couldn't handle the local night life, and defending champion Jimmy Connors had been sent back to fatherhood when the 20-year-old McEnroe, from nearby Douglaston, Queens, took the 25-year-old Gerulaitis, from nearby Howard Beach, Queens, and positively nailed him to the green floor of Flushing Meadow by the not-as-close-as-it-sounds score of 7–5, 6–3, 6–3.

By winning the championship of his neighborhood, city, county, state and nation, the kid they call Junior became the youngest male Open winner since Pancho Gonzales in 1948 and—more shocking—picked up some applause along the way.

"It isn't every day that two players who live 10 minutes from the Open reach the final," McEnroe had said. "New Yorkers should appreciate this. It may never happen again."

That may be too soon for those denizens of Gotham who hooted and jeered both native sons for much of the two weeks preceding the final. "They hate us," Gerulaitis said. "Popularity-wise, I'm a notch above John, and John is a notch above Son of Sam."

McEnroe was several lengths ahead of his rival in their confrontation to determine bragging rights in the borough. Slugging some monstrous, hooking deliveries that seemed to take one bounce and make an immediate turn down the Van Wyck Expressway, McEnroe easily held his service games, which gave him the confidence to hit out and deploy the full array of his unparalleled shot selection whenever Gerulaitis was serving.

Wristy slices. Sledgehammer returns. An occasional tricky drop shot. A lot of those familiar stiletto-like thrusts off both wings from the net position. McEnroe threw all of his arsenal at the speedy Gerulaitis in an overwhelming display. He broke through the G-Man's serve early in each act: the third game of Set 1, the fifth of Set 2, the second of Set 3. While scoring only 21 points during McEnroe's 15 service games, Gerulaitis was able to break only in the 10th game of the match, when he tied Set 1 at 5–all. But he double-faulted twice in the next game and popped up a volley to lose his serve, following which McEnroe drilled a love game to polish off the set.

McEnroe won five service games at love, four others at 15. Meanwhile, he kept pressing Gerulaitis' shaky offerings and piling up break points. Junior converted five of those, but he failed on no less than 10 others, a clear manifestation of his domination.

"This is the best feeling I ever had [pause for scribes to laugh] in tennis. I volleyed well in the clutch," McEnroe said shortly after hurling his racket some 25 feet high into the sooty Queens night and thereby setting up the only true drama of the evening, would the maniac fan who grabbed the racket off the court be able to steal away before a special clobbered him?

Indeed McEnroe was brilliant at the net as he won his third major championship of the season, the Masters and WCT titles being the others. Earlier, upon the exit of Borg, Gerulaitis had said, "We're all just moving up and jockeying for position. Borg's still in another league." But, after just two years on the circuit, McEnroe is already the game's finest player off the volley and overhead.

Primarily because he has a sprinter's ability to rush the net and jam his Irish

To reach the Open final, Gerulaitis recovered from a two-set deficit against Borg-beater Tannar

mug on the tape before an opponent is able to say "Scat, Brat," McEnroe is no longer just another uppity kid. And particularly because he won the U.S. Open when all others were succumbing to the evils of the New York Closed, Junior has reached that other league.

It should have been obvious all along that if anybody was going to beat the heat, the humidity and the pollution it would have to be a native who knew the territory. That meant either McEnroe or Gerulaitis. And *that* meant McEnroe, simply because when these two players have faced off, he's owned Gerulaitis.

"Drinking buddies?" said Junior. "Vitas doesn't drink. Oh, he lets me practice over at his house. But we aren't very alike, or close. Studio 54 is Gerulaitis' place. I'm a McDonald's guy."

What they both turned out to be were the lone survivors of the most confused and chaotic national championship in memory. This was the second year of the Open at the USTA National Tennis Center, but the first in which the men played a best three-of-five-set format throughout. The center's brutally testing, rubberized-acrylic surface is known officially as DecoTurf II but it mostly resembles Runway No. 9, which is fair enough because of the squadron of deafening jets roaring overhead on their takeoffs from and approaches to nearby LaGuardia Airport.

While cramps and heatstrokes were knocking off half the draw, ridiculous scheduling was taking out the other half. This U.S. Open included 12 defaults in men's and women's singles. In addition, there were spectators fighting and running on the court; umpires bickering and harassing one another; players griping about playing at night, and swearing and fainting.

Surely the most pitiable victim of the night moves was Borg, whose grand vision of winning a Grand Slam vanished at Flushing Meadow for the second straight year. This time he was beaten by Roscoe Tanner, whose bullet serves shot Borg away, 6–2, 4–6, 6–2, 7–6.

For months Lennart Bergelin, Borg's coach, had been harping about the USTA's scheduling of matches at night. "Is not tennis. Is not tennis. Cannot see at night," Bergelin kept telling everybody, including his ever-alert pupil. Though Bergelin was and is right, such verbosity ignored the reality of two-session gates and was hardly the proper preparation for Borg, whose game is rooted in confidence, positive attitude and security of mind.

In the semis, defending champ Connors could only snarl as McEnroe rolled over him in straight sets

"Bergelin psyched out his own guy," Peter Fleming, McEnroe's doubles partner, said upon learning of the Borg-Tanner matchup. "Bjorn will be negative. I guarantee he'll be out of this tournament."

He was just that. Tanner blasted away—11 aces plus 17 other service winners—broke Borg five times and, shortly before the end, actually broke the net itself with two bombs, one a let, the other a fault. At one point, Borg complained to Bergelin in their native tongue, speaking of his opponent's vicious service: "I cannot read it. I just don't know." Deep into the lost, weeping night, only the Shadow knew.

The same could be said of the first two sets of the glorious Tanner-Gerulaitis semifinal, which Tanner won 6–3, 6–2. Besides his dynamite deliveries, Tanner was hitting out with authority from both sides, taking batting practice against Gerulaitis' weak second serves. On the final point of the second set Tanner sent Vitas scrambling into the sideline geraniums, where, the prevailing feeling held, Gerulaitis would be wise to remain rather than return to a faceful of Wilsons.

To start the third set Gerulaitis footfaulted and then had his serve broken. He also rapped a ball at the baseline judge; maintaining his daylong consistency, it missed. "Excuse me," Vitas said to the female spectator whom the ball had struck, "I was aiming at this ——." But suddenly the tenor of the match shifted as the G-Man broke back. Gerulaitis elevated his game to remarkable heights—

continued

especially on serve. Tanner managed only nine points in his opponent's next 11 service games, plus the excruciating third-set tiebreaker, and Gerulaitis vaulted ahead of the slumping, puzzled Tanner to finally serve out the match 3–6, 2–6, 7–6, 6–3, 6–3.

"Vitas will get to the final," the prescient Fleming had said after Borg lost. "But McEnroe will be there, and then it will be all over."

Given his bosom friendship and doubles partnership with Junior—the pair won an Open title to go along with their Wimbledon championship—Fleming can be excused some partisanship. But he is, above all else, brutally frank, and what he said about the McEnroe-Connors semifinal also held up. What he said was, "John goes in thinking he is the favorite. Jimmy will be out of here in straight sets."

And that he was. Belatedly claiming a "bad back," Connors was thrashed (6–3, 6–3, 7–5) by his heir apparent, just as he was in the WCT semifinals in Dallas the last time the two met.

"What the hell? He had an off-day," said Junior. "He hits the ball so flat it has to rise. If I'm at the net I've got it." And now John McEnroe's got a lot more than that.

After her straight set victory the delighted Tracy

SHE SIMPLY COULDN'T BELIEVE IT

by Barry McDermott

Magnificently fulfilling her boundless promise, Tracy Austin became a legend Sunday. By winning the women's title at the tender age of 16, she is now the youngest champion—male or female—in the history of the U.S. Open.

This was a title that Austin was destined to win, but even so, her 6–4, 6–3 triumph over a slimmed-down and fresh Chris Evert-Lloyd was startling not only because it came a trifle sooner than anyone expected, but also because it snapped Evert-Lloyd's Open championship streak at four and dashed any hopes she had of regaining the domination of women's tennis that she enjoyed as recently as last year.

The unrelenting and unflappable Austin was three months younger than Maureen Connolly was when she won in 1951. And, indeed, Austin is still a kid. After winning, she gave her bouquet of roses a couple of twirls and went off to telephone her friends and relatives. "I can't believe it," they all said. "I can't either," said Tracy.

For most of the tournament Evert-Lloyd played as if she again were indomitable. In the past few months she had dropped 15 pounds and regained her mobility, and as she raced through her opponents she looked every bit a champion. But on Sunday, Austin gritted her teeth and said, "Let's play tennis." Evert-Lloyd tried every gambit, and when there was nothing left to try, Austin knew that now and hereafter time is on her side.

Austin beat Evert-Lloyd by being steadier than the player who invented steadiness. "I wound up losing points that I thought I had won," Chris said later. "I think six months ago she wouldn't have gotten to a lot of those shots."

Evert-Lloyd was rocked by critical mistakes. In the first set she was up a break at 4–3 but blew a game point on her serve by missing an easy overhead. She went on to lose that game—and the set. Then, in the first game of the second set, she gave away a love-40 lead.

Few people actually gave Austin a chance; even Robert Landsdorp, her coach, rated her only "about a 40%" possibility and rashly promised Tracy that he'd give up smoking if she won. One of the first things Austin recalled in victory was that vow.

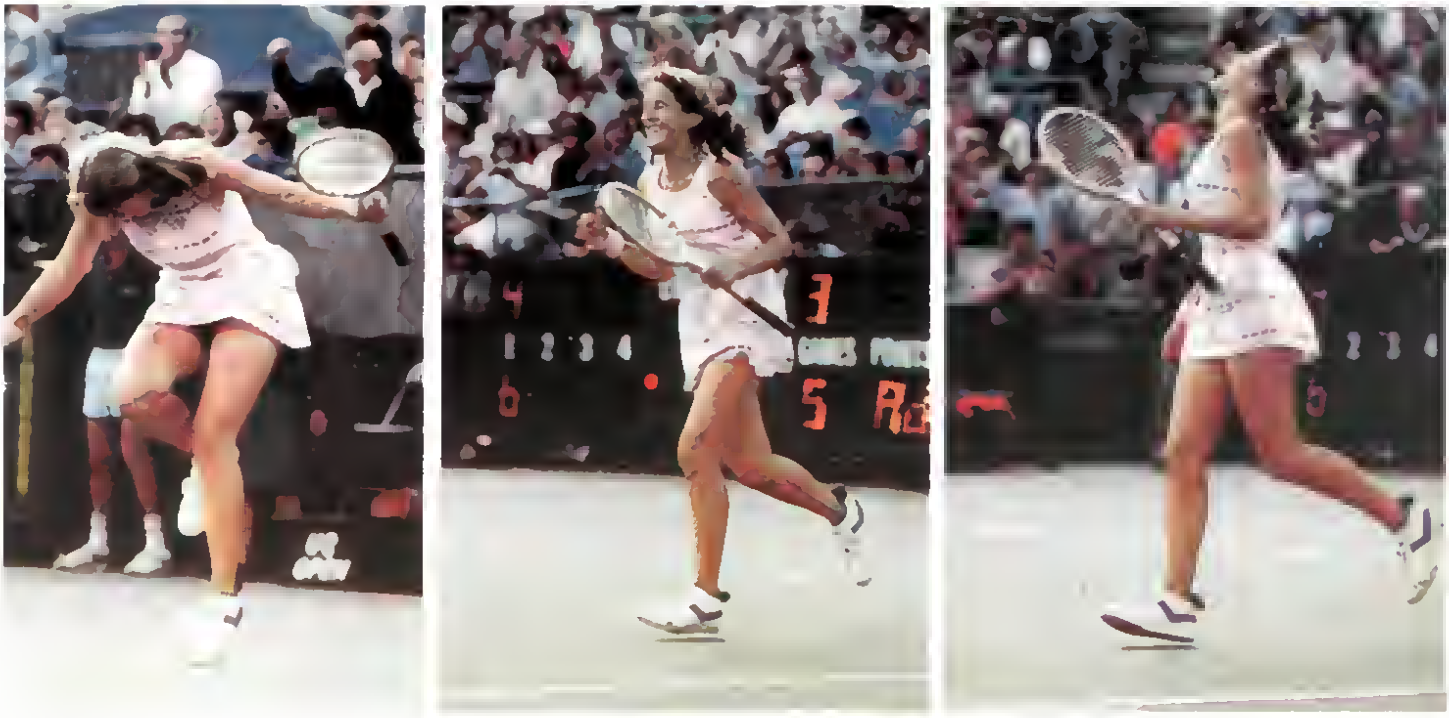
That it came down to Evert-Lloyd and her apparent clone, Austin, in the finals was not particularly surprising because the Open has been Chris' province for many years, while her chief rival, Martina Navratilova, considers the tournament her personal horror show. Navratilova has won Wimbledon twice and taken a string of other titles, but her 7–5, 7–5 loss to Austin on Saturday marked the third time in four years she had exited from the Open in the semis; the other time she was a first-round loser. The defeat certainly did nothing to enhance Navratilova's contention that she is the world's best woman player. In fact, considering Austin's Open performance, Martina may now be no better than No. 3.

For her part, Evert-Lloyd was devastating in her 6–1, 6–0 semifinal dismantling of Billie Jean King. Evert-Lloyd needed only 50 minutes—she won 48 of the final 63 points—to end another of the resolute 35-year-old King's comebacks following surgery. King has become something of an expert on rehabilitation; this time she was recovering from a heel operation she underwent last December, not to mention a sore neck she got the night before her match with Evert-Lloyd. But judging from the demoralizing result against Evert-Lloyd, it may have been age, not injury, that did King in. "She wasn't the old Billie Jean," said Evert-Lloyd. "She wasn't hyper. I could sense that she didn't have the old spirit."

Chris came into the tournament not only lighter and faster, but also full of beans. Small wonder. Her victory over King was her 17th straight match win since Navratilova beat her at Wimbledon. And that was hardly her most impressive streak. When 20-year-old Sherry Acker edged her 6–4 in the first set of a fourth-round match, it snapped a string of 46 straight sets without a loss in the Open. Evert-Lloyd went on to blast Acker 6–0, 6–2 in the next two sets, and her subsequent defeat of King raised her Open victory string to 31 matches.

On Saturday there were a few poignant moments in the players' lounge when Chris watched the day's play on

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR



Austin danced and pranced her way to the net to greet the defeated Chris Evert-Lloyd who failed in her attempt to win a fifth consecutive Open championship

television. Her companion was Jimmy Connors, whose aides-de-camp, Pancho Segura and Lornie Kuhle, moved away from the two and left them to visit quietly. Not too long ago they were kids. Now they were veterans getting ready to play two upstarts.

Evert-Lloyd's final-round opponent may only be 16, but hardly anyone in tennis regards Austin as a child nowadays. Her second-round opponent, Andrea Jaeger, who is only 14, even called her "an older woman." She is hardly that, although at 5′ 4″ and 110 pounds Tracy is no longer a toddler.

Tracy faltered only once on her way to the finals. In her fourth-round match with 19-year-old Kathy Jordan she was within three points of defeat in a third-set tie-breaker but rallied to win. The rest of her preliminary matches were boringly easy, because no other opponent won more than three games. Even so, Landsdorp wasn't convinced she was hitting the ball well. Thus, when her match with Navratilova was moved from Friday to Saturday so it could be televised, Austin used the extra day to practice.

Had they bothered to look, the few travelers along Plum Beach Road in Sands Point, a community about 20 miles from Flushing Meadow, would have seen a young girl and a teaching professional engaged in a tennis lesson. It was Austin and Landsdorp. They worked out both in the morning and the afternoon at the home of Dick Zausner, the Austins' host during the tournament. Landsdorp drilled her on basics; "settling her down" he called it. After the sessions Landsdorp and Austin reviewed strategy. They agreed that in tight spots Navratilova likes to slice her serve wide, and Austin filed away that information.

Against Navratilova she started out tentatively. Austin had beaten Martina only four times in 15 tries, and never outdoors. In big tournaments this year—the Avon Championships and Wimbledon—Navratilova had won. Their Open match began with Austin double-faulting, and the first time she played a shot to Navratilova's forehand the ball came rocketing back with "sucker" written all over it.

However, when Austin looks across the net, she sees two opponents: whomever she is playing and history. She relishes the fact that she is the youngest ever to play at Wimbledon, and she was excited about snapping Evert-Lloyd's 125-match clay-court winning streak this summer. She also knows that Billie Jean was 23 years old before she won her first U.S. Open title, and Chris was 20.

Austin played from behind all day against Navratilova. Seven of 11 times Martina won the first point against Austin's serve, and overall she won the first point 15 times in 22 games. But though Austin usually trailed, she never looked as if she would lose. She kept mixing up her shots, not letting Navratilova find her tempo, and jumped into a 5–2 lead in the first set despite a rash of double faults.

Martina stubbornly squirmed back, deadlocking the set at 5–all, and was ahead love–40 in the next game and ready to march into the finals before she remembered where she was and kicked it away. Austin rallied to win her serve and then ran out the set with two consecutive winners: a backhand cross-court passing shot and a forehand down the line off Martina's serve.

The second set was a copy of the first in that Navratilova had her chances but Austin kept winning. At one point Tracy even aced Martina—on a powder-puff second serve that caught Navratilova out of position. Once again Martina pulled herself together, serving outright winners six times over a three-game stretch to draw even at 5–5, but Austin held service and then hit a series of excellent returns in the ensuing game for a love–40 lead and three match points. When Navratilova—now in an exceedingly tight spot—sliced her next serve, Austin was waiting. She stretched out and sent back a skimming shot that Navratilova half-volleyed wide.

Afterward Navratilova's eyes were glistening. But she soon cheered up. "At least I got farther than Bjorn Borg," she said. And when asked to pick the winner of Evert-Lloyd vs. Austin, she said, "If I bet, I might put $1,000 on Chris, and $999.99 on Tracy." Playing or predicting the Open just doesn't seem to be Martina's racket. **END**

A SIMPLY SPECTACULAR SHOE-IN FOR THE BID

Affirmed's weighty problems eliminated some of the drama from the race, but Spectacular Bid won a memorable Marlboro Cup **by WILLIAM NACK**

Jockey Bill Shoemaker, in a gesture that seemed to say that the past was indeed behind, stood high in Spectacular Bid's stirrups and stole one final glance over his right shoulder. The Belmont Park finish line swept by, the Marlboro Cup was over, and with it any dispute that might have lingered as to who is the finest 3-year-old in the land. Spectacular Bid had just run away from the field in the $300,000 race, three months after he had suffered a stunning loss to Coastal in the Belmont Stakes, a defeat that had cost him the Triple Crown.

Following a classic hesitation waltz down the backstretch—the opening half-mile was a poky 47⅘—the Shoe sent Bid to the front, softened his rivals with a brisk 23⅘ third quarter, and then left them as he pleased to win by five lengths. When Bid crossed the finish line, the crowd was on its feet roaring, Shoemaker was looking back, and trainer Bud Delp and owners Harry and Teresa Meyerhoff were bounding from their seats and hurrying toward the winner's circle. Delp wrapped his arm around Harry's shoulder as they wound down the circular staircase to victory lane. Meyerhoff's face was flushed. "Did you see that half in 47 and 2?" he said. "Who were they trying to kid?"

Delp laughed, and whispered into the redness of Harry's right ear. "I saw that 47 and 2 and I thought, 'This race is now history; how sweet it is!' "

History it was, and how sweet the vindication was for all those connected with the colt. On a track labeled fast but obviously dull, Bid raced the nine furlongs in 1:46⅘, the final three-eighths in a sparkling 35⅘. Behind him, game but tired, came the record-smashing Travers winner, General Assembly, and then Coastal, who was unable to muster a finishing kick off the slow early fractions. Bid had not only reestablished himself as the best 3-year-old, but he also gave reasonable cause for his followers to proclaim that he is the most capable racehorse in America—faster and finer than even Affirmed.

Affirmed, the 1978 Triple Crown winner, who this year became the first thoroughbred to earn $2 million in purses, spent the day in his stall at Belmont. That he was not out on the track was at once the most disappointing and controversial aspect of the Marlboro. It was disappointing in that his defection deprived the race of the showdown for which everyone had been waiting, one that had promised to make the Marlboro one of the most dramatic horse races of modern times. And controversial in that Affirmed's trainer, Laz Barrera, ducked the race because he did not like handicapper Lenny Hale's weight assignments. Hale gave Affirmed high weight of 133 pounds, which Barrera thought was fair, and assigned only 124 to Spectacular Bid, which Barrera thought was not. Many horsemen questioned Barrera's decision, but the trainer stuck to it, with owner Lou Wolfson backing him.

The way Bid ran, Barrera may have decided wisely. Bid, who was obviously not himself in the Belmont Stakes, was as sharp as he had been earlier in the spring, when he was so much the best that he won despite the sometimes tentative guidance of his rider, the inexperienced Ronnie Franklin. Indeed, he might have won the Belmont had a more confident rider been aboard. As it was, says Delp, the colt competed after overcoming an injury he said Bid suffered on the morning of the Belmont. According to his trainer, Bid stepped on a safety pin in his stall, driving it into his hoof. Delp said that Bid's groom had discovered the injury. "He's lame!" the groom yelled. "He's lame!" Delp rushed into the stall, lifted the hoof and pulled out the pin.

When Delp told this tale after Coastal had beaten Bid, there were snickers from those who sensed they were downwind of something very fishy, especially after a New York Racing Association delegation visited the colt in Maryland and pronounced him sound. "This isn't the kind of thing I could make up," Delp protests. "I know all those New York reporters called me a liar . . . since I pulled that pin out, sealing off the spot, you couldn't see anything. If I was on the outside looking in, I'm not sure I'd believe it, either."

For Shoemaker, another masterful ride

Injury or not, there was so much at stake that Delp decided to run Bid in the Belmont. Unquestionably the colt lacked his characteristic punch. "The Belmont knocked the hell out of him," Delp says now. "The first four days after the race he lost 30 pounds." A week after returning to Maryland, with the colt turning lame, Delp called on Dr. Alex Harthill, the noted Kentucky veterinarian, to treat him. Harthill says that the pin had punctured about three-eighths of an inch into the hoof, penetrating the nutrient-bearing channels of the sensitive laminae. The puncture caused a hematoma, or swelling of blood, within hours after the injury, speculates Harthill, and the subsequent pounding of the hoof on the racetrack aggravated the condition. "I think he ran with pain," Harthill says.

Harthill carefully pared the bottom of the hoof. "You could see a tiny hole as you were paring," he says. "It was very, very obvious." When he finally got down to the hematoma, pus squirted out. The wound was allowed to drain for several days, and a blacksmith fitted the colt with a special shoe, with a silver-dollar-sized metal plate covering the injury. Bid was put on antibiotics and tubbed in warm water and epsom salts. Gelatin was added to his diet to promote speedy growth

of the hoof. All the while there was speculation by Delp and other horsemen about whether the colt would run again this year, if ever. "That's two months' growth we're talking about, but we got it back in about six weeks," Delp says. "That in itself is unbelievable."

For all he went through, Bid missed little training. He galloped regularly during his convalescence, and for a while Delp actually thought he could get the colt in shape in time for the Travers at Saratoga. But Aug. 18 came too soon. Instead, a week later, Bid raced for the first time since the Belmont in a 1 1/16-mile allowance race at Delaware Park. With Shoemaker on him for the first time—a grateful Franklin was mercifully replaced following the Belmont—he won by 17 lengths in a track-record 1:41⅗. Ready now, Delp aimed Bid for the Marlboro Cup, thinking he would finally have a shot at Affirmed. Then Hale announced the weights, and Barrera said no thanks.

The race of the decade had suddenly become the race of the year, if that—a Belmont Stakes revisited with the addition of some fine older horses. And there arose in New York hurricane David, both of them. One rained, the other roared. David Whiteley, the trainer of Coastal, figured his only chance to win would be if Bid and Affirmed got locked in an early speed duel, one never letting the other get away. That would set the race up for a stretch runner like Coastal.

"It's unsportsmanlike," Whiteley said of the decision not to run Affirmed. "If you have any backbone and consideration for racing, you run the horse. They've had it pretty easy. The horse is obviously at his best. He went past Forego and Kelso in money-winning. If he deserves to be mentioned in the same breath with them, he ought to do a little bit of what they did."

Which is to carry weight against all comers and not shy from adversity. But the nine-pound spread was too much, Barrera said. His main fear was that Affirmed would have to run every step of the nine furlongs, because the distance is run around only one sweeping turn and does not permit a horse a breather. He questioned how much horse he would have left for the upcoming Woodward Stakes and Jockey Club Gold Cup, both weight-for-age races in which Affirmed would have to carry only 126 pounds to Bid's 121.

"I had to make a decision," Barrera says. "I represent Affirmed; I train Affirmed; I love Affirmed. I think I am doing the right thing for Affirmed. People think he has to run and run and run to be champion. He can't pass one race?"

Delp said he could not fault the man. "He's afraid of my horse," Delp claimed. "He's got reason. I'd be afraid too."

The debate that grew out of Barrera's decision was a lively one. It also raised the old issue of whether there should be such things as handicaps. "This is the only major sport that handicaps its stars," said trainer Roger Laurin. "Do they tell Jack Nicklaus he has to give three a side? Would that be fair? Would they make Babe Ruth swing a bat five pounds heavier?"

Others thought as trainer John Russell did. "I can understand how Laz feels about his horse," he said. "He has a romance with him. But if every time a guy scratched his champion because he thought he had too much weight, we wouldn't get a chance to see too many champions."

By post time last Saturday, the debate had subsided, and all that remained was for Bid to do his number. He did it superbly, leaving only the unanswered question of what might have happened had Affirmed been in the field. "Instead of putting The Shoe on Bid," quipped Jacinto Vasquez, General Assembly's rider, "Delp should have put another pin in him."

The victory, worth $180,000, pushed Bid's 3-year-old earnings ($962,183) past Affirmed's of last year. "I was aware of that," said Harry Meyerhoff. "Like Lincoln, I write things on the backs of envelopes."

And now it is on to the 1¼-mile Woodward, if Bid recovers well from the Marlboro. If he passes the Woodward, he and Affirmed would meet in the Gold Cup at a mile and a half, the only distance at which Bid has lost this year. "If Affirmed stays in his stall, I'm Horse of the Year," said Delp. "He'd better come out of his stall. I'm looking forward to running against him. I wish he'd been out there today. He'd have gone to the front, opened two lengths, and Bid would have gone after him at the half-mile pole. Then we hook up and run home. I think the result would have been the same. We danced a big dance today. We danced one dance; maybe we should let him dance one alone in the Woodward. Meet him in the Gold Cup. Mile and a half's no problem. The pin beat him in the Belmont. I'm gonna prove it in the Gold Cup. *I'm* gonna *prove it.*" END

Bid began to widen his lead in the stretch and finished five lengths ahead of General Assembly

And the band at Three Rivers Stadium played on as Dirt Winston celebrated his 41-yard touchdown run after making one of the Steelers' five interceptions

PITTSBURGH MADE THEM FACE THE MUSIC

The Steelers' Monster defense played a tune on Houston, chasing Dan Pastorini from the game with an injury and stopping Earl Campbell cold in a 38–7 romp

by PAUL ZIMMERMAN

The Monster had been holed up in the dark closet, along with the old high school graduation suit and the scrapbooks. Every now and then you'd hear some noises, but it hadn't really bothered anyone lately. Oh, you knew it was there all right, but no one in his right mind was going to open the door to make sure.

Then, last Sunday in Three Rivers Stadium, it got loose, that Monster of a Pittsburgh Steeler defense, and the unlucky

victims were the Houston Oilers. It wasn't supposed to happen the way it did. Pittsburgh 38, Houston 7, with Sidney Thornton scoring two touchdowns and Lynn Swann catching five Terry Bradshaw passes for 95 yards, and it could have been worse. You just don't treat your most respected rival in the AFC Central Division with the disdain that the Steelers showed the Oilers. But when the Monster is loose, logic doesn't hold. It eats the best of game plans, knocks out quarterbacks like Dan Pastorini, shuts down All-Pro runners like Earl Campbell.

The Monster erupted at the end of the '74 season, in the two AFC playoff games and then in Super Bowl IX, when Minnesota's runners gained a whole 17 yards and Fran Tarkenton had most of his passes slammed back in his teeth by L. C. Greenwood or Joe Greene. The Monster returned in '76, after the Steelers had lost four of their first five games and Terry Bradshaw had been put out of action by a body-slam administered by Cleveland's Turkey Jones. The Steelers had to win their last nine to make the playoffs. So they rallied around rookie Quarterback Mike Kruczek, and the Monster rose up, allowing only 28 points in those nine games, five of which were shutouts.

For Pittsburgh, 1977 was a troubled year filled with lawsuits, holdouts and turmoil that ended with an early loss to Denver in the playoffs. Of course, the only reason the Steelers were even in the '77 playoffs was that Houston had obligingly knocked off Cincinnati in the final

continued

Pastorini's collision with one of his interceptors left him with a bruised shoulder and injured ribs

regular-season game, a happy turn of events Pittsburgh acknowledged by buying all the Oilers $50 attache cases. Some Steelers are still shaking their heads over that one.

Last season the running game fizzled, so the Steelers shifted gears, turned to a big play offense and ran Dallas out of the Super Bowl. During '77 and '78 the defense was duly respected, but its work did not make you gasp. In Pittsburgh Sunday there were gasps.

Note the numbers. Campbell was held to a career-low 38 yards. The Oilers' passing attack gained a net of 22 yards, mainly because of five Steeler sacks and five Steeler interceptions. Pastorini went 4 for 16 before he was taken from the field with a bruised shoulder in the third quarter; while he conducted the show, the Oilers ran 35 plays for a total gain of 17 yards—an average of 17.5 inches per play. The 14 first-down plays Pastorini called resulted in a net of *minus* three yards. Those are Monster numbers. Vintage Steeler numbers.

"Stuffed us, they just stuffed us," Pastorini said after the debacle. "What can you do? Your running doesn't go, you don't have time to throw. You scramble around and try to get something going. You try to stay alive out there."

He was sitting on a table in the training room, his right arm in a sling. Outside were two orange-clad members of the Mutual Aid Ambulance Squad, standing by just in case. The day had been a nightmarish scene out of a past that Pastorini is desperately trying to forget—*two 1–13 seasons*, when his protection would break down and the enemy would come riding in like Cossacks, and when his only significant statistics were medical ones: ribs broken a couple of dozen times, nose broken several times, hand broken, collarbone broken, cheekbone broken. And the Houston fans would sit back in the Astrodome and boo his battle for survival.

"It's like being in a street fight against 10 guys," Pastorini once said, "and everyone's rooting for the 10."

In the third quarter Sunday the Steelers were leading 17–0 and Pastorini had a second-and-20 on his own 15, typical field position for the Oilers this afternoon. He was hoping to hit his tight end, Mike Barber, slanting in from the right side, but the left linebacker, Jack Ham, knocked Barber out of his pattern. Now Pastorini was on his own, scrambling to his left, which is the direction a right-handed thrower doesn't want to go. He tried to get the ball to Barber, but Loren Toews, the right linebacker, deflected the pass, and 245-pound defensive Right End John Banaszak intercepted it. Pastorini and Campbell brought Banaszak down, but the collision left Campbell dazed and Pastorini through for the day.

"Reminded me of the old days, out there today," someone said to Pastorini.

"Yeah, me too," Pastorini said. "I was hoping I'd never see those days again."

The old days officially ended for the Oilers when they got Campbell last year. Teams couldn't gang up on Pastorini anymore, not when he had a hammer of Thor like Campbell on his side. But Campbell had no place to run in Pittsburgh. He is at his best when he sees a small crack in the line, when he fires into it low and hard—a deadly stump of a projectile—breaking arm tackles like a guy going through a turnstile, cutting back, knocking over off-balance linebackers, punishing people. Campbell takes his worst beatings when the linebackers and defensive backs can meet him head-on, just on the other side of the line of scrimmage. Then no one wins. But he's least effective when he sees no daylight and has to pick and dance, the thing Franco Harris does so well. On such occasions Campbell gets overrun, as he did in Pittsburgh, only one of his 16 runs produced

continued

Oiler Vernon Perry was too late with too little against Swann, who caught five big passes

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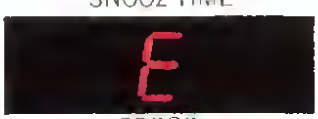

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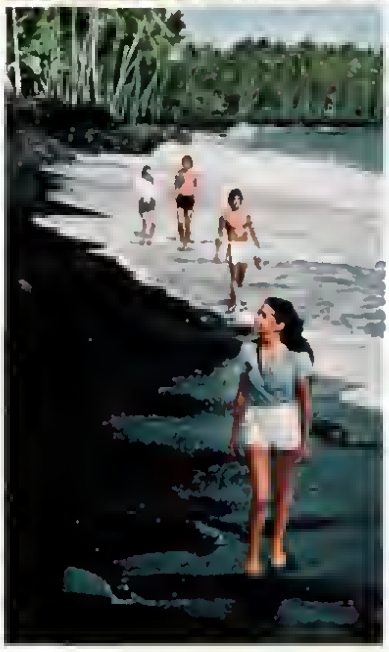

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more than four yards, and five times he failed to gain even a yard.

"I feel fine right now; I'm not banged up or anything," Campbell said. "Maybe I shouldn't feel this way. I feel like I was kind of lucky, not getting beaten up more. They were well prepared. Their front four had the holes closed. I can't pinpoint one thing, I just didn't have anywhere to run, you know?"

Mike Wagner, the Steelers' free safety, said, "I think I have a better view of Earl than anyone on the field. When I read run, my first key is to find the hole, then Campbell. When it's him, I know it's gonna hurt, and I get ready for the jolt. But today ... well, it was weird. I'd see a surge of people, and I'd be waiting for Campbell to pop out somewhere, but he didn't pop. I mean, I thought he'd pop through at least once, but he just didn't. There'd be the surge, and our defensive line would be taking the block, and then everything would close down and Campbell never came out.

"Wisdom tells me that if my front four is doing such a great job stopping the run, the pass rush has to suffer. So I thought. O.K., I'll just worry about my coverages. But then the line put so much pressure on Pastorini that he was throwing to his receivers before they were into their breaks. That's how I got my two interceptions. It was just awesome what those guys did up front. It kind of gives you a feeling of invincibility."

Strangely, the Steelers went into the game feeling anything but invincible up front. Tackle Joe Greene was coming off a sore knee that had kept him out of the Steelers' 16–13 sudden-death win over New England on Monday night. Tackle Steve Furness had a jammed toe. And an injury to End L. C. Greenwood's right knee had forced him from the New England game. On paper, Greenwood's replacement, Tom Beasley, was the weak link in the Steeler front. But as Penn State grows linebackers and Southern Cal grows tailbacks, the Steelers grow defensive linemen; Beasley, a 25-year-old, third-year man out of Virginia Tech, stopped Campbell twice on third-and-short with solo tackles—he had a remarkable 11 in all—and kept the steadiest pressure on Pastorini.

"The Oilers' favorite short-yardage play comes right at me—the 34-lead-C, with Campbell carrying and the fullback leading," said the 6′ 5″, 253-pound Beasley, who has a light, sandy mustache and beard and, notes the Steeler press guide, is "aided by exceptionally long arms." "You play your man head-up and try to shut down Earl's lanes. You can't flag him as he comes through or he'll tear your arms off." Beasley smiled. "Just basic football, you know?"

It's a proud, intense rivalry, the Oilers vs. Steelers, and now Houston has a 38–7 rallying point for the Dec. 10 rematch in the Astrodome. The teams are old friends of a sort. Elvin Bethea, Houston's defensive right end, has lined up against Jon Kolb, Pittsburgh's offensive left tackle, 20 times. "It's amazing, we've faced each other so much and I still don't know what the man looks like behind that face mask," Bethea says. "Maybe I don't want to know."

Steeler Center Mike Webster has played against Oiler Middle Guard Curley Culp 12 times. "I've been following Curley's career ever since I was in high school," Webster says. "I was on my school's wrestling team when Curley was an NCAA heavyweight champ at Arizona State. We had an article about him posted on our bulletin board. He must be a very interesting person. Hell, he's the master of the nose-guard position. But I've only met him once. It was at the Pro Bowl. I said, 'How are you?' and he said, 'Fine, how are you?' and that was it."

Considering the sort of rivalry this is, the Steelers were wise to try to play down the one-sidedness of Sunday's game. "You know, 38 points can work against you, too," said Swann. "They're not going to forget it next time we play them. They're a proud team, and they got all banged up today—Pastorini hurt, Billy Johnson lost with a knee injury. You want to score points, but you don't want to rub it in."

The Oilers, meanwhile, wanted to forget the debacle. Center Carl Mauck said, "I believe this game is going to make a big difference the next time we play. But you don't want to dwell on a thing like this too long now, because it'll screw you up for the following week. I promise you we'll be ready for them in Houston. I promise you it'll be different next time around."

Webster, for one, isn't worried. "I wonder what would have happened if our defense would have played their offense the whole way today," he mused after Sunday's game. "It might have been very interesting." **END**

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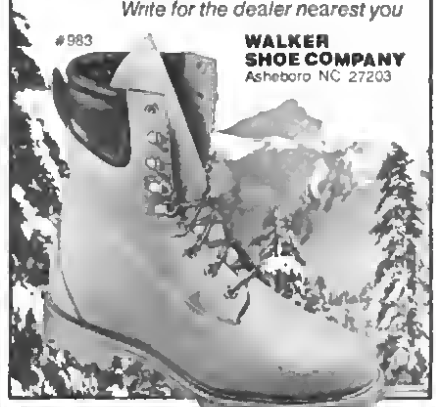

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THE WHITECAPS KICKED UP A STORM

The Soccer Bowl crowd wes unforgiving towerd Vancouver for knocking the Cosmos out of the pleyoffs, but the Caps were unyielding on the field, stopping Rodney Marsh end the Rowdies to win the NASL championship **by CLIVE GAMMON**

For the Vancouver Whitecaps, Soccer Bowl 1979 began with howls of execration raining down on them. Only a week before they had committed the sin of knocking the Cosmos out of the playoffs. And on Saturday afternoon the 50,699 fans at Giants Stadium in East Rutherford, N. J.—all but a few of them Cosmos supporters—showed that they were still choking on the fearful truth that, so sorry, no Franz, no Giorgio, no Bogie would be around when the trophy was presented.

But there it was: Vancouver against the Tampa Bay Rowdies. All right. Tampa you could live with. In four trips to the Meadowlands, the Rowdies badn't won. In losing at last year's Soccer Bowl 3–1, they had been a punching bag for the Cosmos. But, oh, Vancouver!

And the crowd's loudest howls, its angriest bayings, were saved for the Caps' Phil (Lofty) Parkes, the league's best goalie, who had foiled the Cosmos in the final shootout. As he gained the center of the field during the player introductions, the 6′ 3″ Parkes blew satiric kisses to the crowd. Willie Johnston, the Caps' Scottish winger, tucked his soccer ball under his shirt in a vulgar manner as he ran out. The louder the crowd howled, the less the Whitecaps cared. Quite clearly, they were full of fizz.

They had been like that for days, and it had their coach, Tony Waiters, worried. On Friday morning, at their last workout before the game, the Caps had been bursting with energy, fighting one another for the ball as if they were playing a real game, yelling and laughing as if it were celebration time already. "I have to get them down a bit," Waiters had said then. "All of them. They're too bubbly."

At game time Vancouver was the favorite, though narrowly. The Rowdies have always been a hard-fighting side, especially in the playoffs, and when they were beaten in the Bowl last year, they had played without the injured Rodney Marsh.

This time he would be there and as highly motivated as anyone on the field. For Marsh—stylish, debonair, the winner of nine international "caps" for England, the idol of Tampa—Saturday's game would be his last as far as serious competition was concerned.

Marsh intended to rise to the occasion. "I desperately want to win," he declared, as well he might. On Friday a testimonial game will be played for Marsh in Tampa. He will keep the proceeds, after the deduction of such expenses as hiring an armored car to take the money to the bank. A rough guess is that he'll end up with about $50,000. But his take will be based on the gate, and that would be substantially increased should the guest of honor come home straight from a Soccer Bowl triumph.

The other key figure in the Tampa attack was their Argentinian striker, Oscar Fabbiani, and he was a less than ebullient figure at the final practice. At midseason he had been riding the crest of a goal-scoring wave—indeed, with 58 points he had beaten out the Cosmos' Giorgio Chinaglia as the high scorer in the regular season. Since season's end, though, Fabbiani's production had fallen off, he had scored only one goal in seven playoff games. On Friday—in Spanish, and unequivocally—he blamed his teammates for starving him of passes. Their egotism was to blame, he suggested, especially in televised games. "You have to feed your scorer," he said. "I tell them, 'Do you think I am doing this for myself? I am making goals for you.' " It wasn't the happiest way for a player to be going into Soccer Bowl.

Fabbiani also said that the Rowdies' best strategy would be to come out with guns blazing, Cosmos-style. But when the game began, it was Vancouver that had all the effervescence.

In five minutes the Caps had forced two corners, and in just over 12 they were ahead. Trevor Whymark beat the Rowdies' Steve Wegerle on the turn and then, with Defender Barry Kitchener helpless, hammered a left-foot shot past Zeljko Bilecki in goal. Whymark's great mop of curly fair hair would be in the midst of the action throughout the afternoon.

A few minutes later he almost settled the whole thing. A Whymark shot slammed against the post and rebounded to Kevin Hector, who had an empty goal gaping in front of him. It was infinitely harder to miss than to score, but the usually deadly Hector managed the feat, hitting the underside of the bar so that the ball rebounded into play.

If the score had gone to 2–0 then, a rout of Tampa Bay would surely have followed. Even at 1–0 a cautious man might have put his eating money on the Caps. If he had, he would quite soon after have suffered a sharp attack of heartburn. About 10 minutes later, even with the Caps looking cool and self-possessed on defense, the Rowdies scored.

There was a shadow of doubt over the goal. It looked as if Tampa Bay's Peter Anderson had fouled the Caps' Carl Valentine while getting the ball through for Jan Van Der Veen to score. The call was not made, though, and now with more than 20 minutes left in the first half, Tampa was in the game again.

Fabbiani, mainly unsupported—as he gloomily had expected to be—had been playing some pretty though unproductive solo soccer. Now Marsh, who had been subdued for most of the half, clipped in a center from the right wing. Running in on it, Fabbiani sweetly headed the ball just inside the near post. But no goal. Fabbiani was ruled offside.

Then it was Whymark heading one into the net, only to see his goal disallowed, too. Hector or Whymark himself had impeded the Rowdies' goalie. This was meaty playoff soccer—bustling, end-to-end, exciting. The only losers were the fans, who sat there disconsolately chanting "Cosmos! Cosmos!" as if their team might somehow materialize.

At halftime though, if you weren't still looking for the resurrection of Franz Beckenbauer, it was possible to make an assessment. Territorially, Tampa Bay had had the greater share of the play, but near the goal the Caps had looked more dangerous. Valentine, at 21, the kind of young recruit NASL teams should be looking for—rather than the big-name,

passé players they are forever signing—was continually showing thrust and speed. There was Johnston's masterly jinking, Whymark's timely aggressiveness, prompting from that sly fox Alan Ball. Tampa Bay had nothing to match this. Wegerle, so often a threat for the Rowdies on the flank, was making no progress against Bob Lenarduzzi; Fabbiani just looked lonely, and for lengthy periods Marsh seemed to drop out of the game.

Just short of 15 minutes after the restart the Caps went ahead 2–1, characteristically off a movement initiated by Ball, who set up as if to cross, deceiving the Tampa Bay defense, *but then pushed a short* ground pass to Whymark. Whymark's right-foot shot would probably have beaten the goalie anyway, but Bilecki stood no chance at all when the hapless Kitchener stuck out his left leg and deflected the ball into the net. It turned out to be the final goal of the game.

Whymark, who was "bored" after 10 years of English soccer, looked anything but after scoring the Caps' winning goal

As the second half ebbed away, the Rowdies, as they had to, came forward in strength. In the last 20 minutes there were times when Bilecki in the Tampa Bay goal was the only man in his half of the field. The redoubtable back four of the Caps stayed unshaken almost until the end: Lenarduzzi, first with Buzz Parsons, then with Bob Bolitho, all Canadians; John Craven and Roger Kenyon, the English League veterans.

The Tampa Bay substitutions began with about 19 minutes to go. Peter Baralic, the Yugoslav midfielder, replaced the ineffective Wegerle. Earlier, Fabbiani had said that Baralic was the one man he could rely on to feed him. But Baralic was plainly unfit—he had been injured against Detroit at the start of the playoffs—and his presence was of little help.

Marsh, meanwhile, had been lurking out on left wing, trying to shake off his cover. Free for an instant, he slammed in a shot that Parkes could only push away and allow Ray Lewington to clear. And then, just as suddenly, Marsh was taken off the field by Coach Gordon Jago. Understandably, Marsh was bitter, but as Jago later said, "We tried everything. So our last gamble was on speed."

It almost came off. Jago substituted Left Winger John Grnja, another Yugoslavian. In one sequence that followed, Grnja centered the ball, producing a header from Fabbiani that Parkes stopped magnificently in midleap.

It was virtually Tampa's last shot, though as Vancouver's Walters would say, "In the last seven minutes we had no control of the game at all." But the Caps survived. It had been a hard, brave game, and mercifully one that had not been decided by sudden-death overtime or a shootout. The Whitecaps were unreservedly the new NASL champions.

But arguably the bravest moment of all came after the final whistle when NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam strode out to present the trophy. The crowd's howling rose in a crescendo. This was the man who had suspended their Carlos Alberto, their Eskadarian and cost them, they believed, the Bowl. Woosnam confronted them and made his speech unflinchingly, like one of those old Victorian heroes facing down a native horde. That was championship stuff, too. **END**

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE TIEDEMANN

THIS PITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE

When Chicago requires late-inning help, out of the bullpen comes Bruce Sutter, whose unique "split-fingered fastball" has made him the most effective relief pitcher in the game ***by RON FIMRITE***

Sutter demonstrates his grip for his money pitch which changes speed and direction in mid-flight

Bruce Sutter is baseball's counterpart of that singular character in the Rodgers and Hart song *Johnny One Note*. Johnny's range is restricted to a lone note, as the title suggests, but so artfully and so resonantly does he sing it that he requires no others to rise above his limitation. Similarly, Sutter, a Chicago Cub relief pitcher, has only one pitch, but like Johnny's note, it is unique and overpowering, and it has made him, at age 26, the best reliever in baseball—and, just possibly, the best in baseball history. At week's end, Sutter, whose won-lost record is a misleading 4–5, needed only three saves to break the major league record of 37 in a season. He had an earned run average of 1.82 and 94 strikeouts in 89 innings. Although the Cubs have recently slumped to fourth in the National League East, it's a pretty fair bet that Sutter will win the Cy Young Award.

Sutter calls his magic pitch a "split-fingered fastball," which is an accurate-enough description in that his fingers are spread apart when he releases the ball. But the fastball part is debatable for the simple and—for hitters—maddening reason that the ball's speed changes at least once, maybe twice, in the course of its flight. In fact, if Cub Catcher Barry Foote is to be believed, the split-fingered fastball is really three pitches in one.

"Bruce's pitch looks like a fastball when it leaves his hand, because of the arm speed," says Foote, "but it gets to the plate like a change, and then it drops down like a spitter or a forkball."

"It's unhittable," says Montreal Manager Dick Williams, "unless he hangs it, and he never does. It's worse than trying to hit a knuckleball."

"It's incredible," says Lou Brock, who has seen a few pitches in his 19 major league seasons. "You'd figure that if a guy stayed around long enough, he'd learn how to hit it. But no one has."

One reason no one has is that Sutter (pronounced SUIT-er) is really the only pitcher throwing it, and to paraphrase the baseball axiom, you can't hit what you don't see much of. Phillie Reliever Rawly Eastwick has experimented with the split-fingered fastball this season—and used it to beat Sutter last week—but he is still wary of using it in crucial situations, and relief pitchers are almost always in crucial situations. It took Sutter three years to control the pitch, and even now he insists, against impressive evidence to the contrary, that he hasn't mastered it. He cannot, for example, consistently control the direction in which it sinks. "Eighty percent of the time," he says, "it will drop straight down." The rest of the time, it will dip right or left. He would prefer it to constantly dip away from the hitters, so that it would appear as a sinking curve to righthanders and a sinking screwball to lefties. Sutter says that by exerting a certain sort of finger pressure, he can achieve this devastating effect some of the time. Foote thinks he does it subconsciously. "If I took him out before a game and asked him to sink it left and sink it right," Foote says, "I don't think he could do it. But somehow in a game he can." If Sutter ever gets this down pat, the hitters should seek an injunction.

Like almost anything worth doing, throwing the split-fingered fastball is no

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

piece of cake. For one thing, it helps to have fingers the length of Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's. Sutter is not so generously endowed, but his own digits are long enough and strong enough to spread over the ball in a V shape and to clamp down on it with viselike force. This grip is not to be confused with the one used in throwing the forkball. The fingers also are spread in delivering that pitch, but the ball is wedged back in the palm of the hand, and the thumb plays no real role in the delivery. Sutter grips the ball tightly on top with the tips of his fingers and underneath with the thumb. On release, the thumb actually forces the ball through the gap in the spread fingers, which accounts for the pitch's spin. A man trying this with ordinary-sized fingers would never play the piano again.

The forkball is a slowpoke all the way to the plate. As noted, Sutter throws his pitch with a fastball motion, so that it starts out in a hurry and continues apace until the spin finally overwhelms it, causing it to slow up as it nears the plate and go into its drastic descent. Envision, if you will, an auto speeding on a pier, braking at the last moment and then plunging over the side into the drink.

Sutter does have a vestigial fastball, and the few hitters who have seen it say it is decent, but he uses it only as a diversionary tactic. There was an occasion last month, however, when he struck out one of the finest hitters in baseball with his heat. "I had a one-ball, two-strike count on Ted Simmons, a one-run lead and runners on first and second. Now, to me, Simmons is the best hitter in the National League. He's a switch hitter. He doesn't get leg hits, because he has a catcher's legs, but he always bats around .300, and he'll hit 20 to 25 home runs a season. When a game is on the line, I'd like to have him hitting for me. Anyway, I'd gotten the strikes on him with the split-fingered pitch. Now I'm ready to waste one, so I tried to throw him a high fastball, thinking maybe he'd pop it up. He took it all the way, and it was right down the middle of the plate. He just walked away without saying a word."

It is difficult to say what was on Simmons' mind, but a fair guess would be that he was expecting another split-fingered job and decided this time he was simply going to watch it drop in the dirt. Instead, the pitch came straight, and Simmons missed an opportunity to hit one a mile. Sutter keeps hitters honest this way. He is the first to acknowledge that he throws few strikes. How can he with a pitch that dives like a famished gull? But, as Montreal's Williams laments, "They don't look like balls when they're coming up there." What they do look like are fastballs that have lost their smoke and, therefore, are candidates for upper-deckdom. It is a rare hitter who will allow so tempting a morsel to pass by untast-

continued

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ed, and Sutter keeps a mental record of those who do. They are the few who see the occasional fastball down the middle; the rest get the dipsy doodle. Sutter detests surrendering intentional walks, preferring to take his chances "throwing four in the dirt. Maybe they'll take them for the walk. Maybe I'll get the strikeout." And he is so consistently effective that Manager Herman Franks usually lets Sutter decide whether to pitch to or walk a dangerous hitter with first base open and runners in scoring position. Sutter invariably goes for broke.

This has been the healthiest and, in many ways, the most restful of Sutter's three-plus seasons in the major leagues. In 1977, he had 22 saves by the first week of July, along with 87 strikeouts in 74 innings and an earned run average of less than 1.00. But he strained a muscle in his side, sat out two weeks, missed the All-Star Game and was placed on the disabled list in August. He still finished with 31 saves and a 1.35 ERA. Last year it was said that, as the Cubs' only dependable reliever, he wilted from overwork in August and September. Sutter denies this, insisting that it was just a late slump. Slump or not, he still had 27 saves and 106 strikeouts in 99 innings and, as he did this year, got the win in the All-Star Game. But his ERA climbed to 3.18, well above his career 2.24.

This season he has benefited from the addition to the Cubs' bullpen of Dick Tidrow, who was obtained in a May trade with the Yankees. Tidrow has given Franks a strong long reliever to go with his incomparable short man. With these two in the wings, Cub starters rarely finish games—they have only 17 complete games—but as one of them, Lynn McGlothen, says, "We can go all out after the sixth inning, knowing there is help out there. Herman just tells us to go as hard as we can for six or seven innings." Should trouble arise early, Tidrow is at the ready, and Sutter is on hand for the mop-up. Sutter's assignment is to hold the opposition if the score is tied or if the Cubs have a narrow lead. He rarely enters a game with his team behind, and when he does, as he did last Wednesday in a 4–3 loss to the Expos, he is as startled as Lord Olivier might be if asked to appear opposite Miss Piggy.

"I thought I'd come in one hitter earlier [when the score was still tied]," he said, after having arrived on the scene with two outs in the ninth. Gary Carter,

the only hitter he faced, grounded out to end the inning. It isn't the fault of Sutter or Tidrow that the Cubs, contenders for most of the season, fell into an early September slump.

Sutter is effusive in praise of Tidrow, the man who has spared him overwork and allowed him to be used where he can do the most good. "This is still a team game, despite the individual statistics," he says, "and I wouldn't have 35 saves without Dick Tidrow."

In his present enviable situation, Sutter believes he enjoys an almost unfair advantage over the hitters he faces. As a short reliever, he rarely confronts the same man twice in a game, which means most batters have only one chance to solve the riddle of the split-fingered fastball. Considering the vagaries of today's scheduling, a batter might see Sutter's pitch in June and not again until August, when time has mercifully clouded the memory of it. As a one-pitch pitcher, he is, he says, spared the agonizing reappraisals that those with more varied repertoires endure. "I don't second-guess myself," he says. "If somebody gets a hit, I don't stand there thinking maybe I should have thrown him a slider." And as a late-inning man, he sees an unusual number of pinch hitters, unfortunates for whom he professes the most profound sympathy. "The pinch hitter is stiff," Sutter says. "He hasn't seen a ball all night. He might not have hit in two weeks. He's in a pressure situation. Maybe he has to go for the long ball. I'm in there more often than he is. It's awfully tough on him."

Sutter has not always been in position to afford the luxury of such magnanimous sentiments. A three-sport star at Donegal High School in Mount Joy, Pa., which is about 70 miles west of Philadelphia, he was drafted after graduation in 1970 by the Washington Senators. But—apparently to the Senators' surprise—he had just turned 17, and "because the rules prohibited them from talking to me until I was 18, they never made a true offer." So Sutter enrolled in Old Dominion University in Norfolk, Va. He visited academe just long enough to learn that "I couldn't get into the studying part of it." Then he went home and started playing with the semiprofessional Hippey's Raiders of Lancaster, Pa. There he was discovered by Cub scout Ralph DiLullo and signed as a free agent for the princely bonus of $500. In 1972 he pitched in only five innings in four games for Bradenton in the rookie Gulf Coast League before his arm gave out. In his naiveté, Sutter refrained from telling the Cubs of the seriousness of his injury, fearful they would regard him as a helpless cripple and send him packing. In January of 1973 he underwent surgery at his own expense for a pinched nerve in his right elbow.

He had been a fastball-curveball pitcher until then, but at the start of the 1973 season he felt obliged to inform his employers that he could no longer throw hard. It was then that Sutter fell under the protective wing, as it were, of Fred Martin, the Cubs' minor league pitching instructor that year. All Martin did was show him how to throw the pitch that would make him rich and famous. "He [Martin] had used it in the minors as a change of speed," says Sutter. "For me, it was a necessity." Struggling to control the new pitch during the early portion of the '73 season, Sutter had an ERA of "six something" for Quincy, the Cubs' Class A farm. He finished at 4.13, and three years later he was in the big leagues. Martin, who died earlier this year, was, for young Sutter, "like a second father."

His actual father, Howard, a retired accountant, is credited with both teaching him how to play baseball and cultivating in him an equanimous approach to life. Sutter is tall and lanky, and were it not for a rather scraggly Fu Manchu mustache, he would have the aspect of a young Jimmy Stewart. The look fits his easygoing nature. "You won't see me mad out there," he says. "Looking at me, you won't be able to tell if I'm pitching bad or good. I know I'm not going to be good all the time. As long as I know everyone's trying, I can't get upset. That's the way my dad is. He's a low-keyed person. He never got upset, and he had six kids."

Sutter's vaunted cool was sorely tested as he departed Wrigley Field one day last week. As he maneuvered his car from the players' parking lot, heading for the home he shares with his wife and two sons in Arlington Heights, he was pursued down the busy street by swarms of children in a scene vaguely reminiscent of Sebastian Venable's flight from the cannibalistic youngsters in Tennessee Williams' *Suddenly Last Summer*. As their number increased, Sutter feared his followers might be injured, so he pulled over and rolled down his window. "O.K., I don't want to see any of you guys killed, so let's have 'em." The kids pressed upon him programs, baseballs and strips of paper, which he dutifully signed. When the last boy shot an open palm through the open window, Sutter seemed confused. Was he to sign the bare flesh? Would the kid ever wash that hand again? "Naw, man," the boy finally said, "I don't want your autograph. I just want to shake the hand of Bruce Sutter." Sutter cheerfully obliged and then drove off, as the youngsters retreated in search of new prey.

Sutter did not drive far. He pulled into a parking lot a block away in front of the Muenchner-Hof restaurant on North Clark Street. "I don't think anyone saw us," the slightly shaken Sutter advised a companion. "I just didn't want those kids to get hurt in the street chasing me over here. Let's go in for a quick beer." A cool one well earned **END**

THE KING OF THE BULLPEN

Among relief pitchers with 200 or more appearances, Sutter is the only one in history to have won or saved more than half of his games, which puts him well ahead of second-place Johnny Murphy.

	Seasons	Wins	Saves	Total	Games	% of Games Won or Saved
BRUCE SUTTER	1976—	25	103	128	232	55.2
JOHNNY MURPHY	1932, 34-43, 46-47	73	107	180	375	48.0
ROLLIE FINGERS	1968—	83	221	304	664	45.8
DICK RADATZ	1962-67, 69	52	122	174	381	45.7
RICH GOSSAGE	1972—	44	97	141	314	44.9
BILL CAMPBELL	1973—	52	94	146	342	42.7
FIRPO MARBERRY	1923-36	53	101	154	364	42.3
MIKE MARSHALL	1967, 69—	88	184	272	653	41.7
SPARKY LYLE	1967—	84	220	304	739	41.1
ELLIS KINDER	1946-57	44	102	146	362	40.3

KNUTE ROCKNE
Part 2

'WIN ONE FOR THE GIPPER'

Was that famed line, attributed to George Gipp, a real deathbed request or just a Rockne ploy?

by COLES PHINIZY

George Gipp, the best and most mythical of all Knute Rockne's heroes, was not recruited to play football at Notre Dame. Gipp came from the tough Keweenaw Peninsula of northern Michigan at the age of 21 on a baseball scholarship. As with so much of Rockne's life, there are conflicting accounts as to how Rockne and Gipp linked up. According to one, recently perpetuated by Clarence Manion, dean of the Notre Dame Law School (1941-52), in his foreword to *We Remember Rockne*, when Gipp was practicing baseball one day, a football sailed over a nearby fence and hit him on the head. The annoyed Gipp booted it back over the fence into a group of players working out under Rockne. "Who kicked that?" Rockne allegedly cried, and when he got the answer, one of the great partnerships between coach and player was born.

Although Rockne's autobiography, originally published as a serial in *Collier's* in 1930, deserves at best a C minus for accuracy, at least its account of the discovery of Gipp has the merit of being logical. Rockne wrote that on an autumn day in 1916 he came upon Gipp in street clothes drop-kicking a football with another lad. Impressed by both the distance and accuracy of Gipp's kicks, Rockne asked him to come out for the frosh team.

Gipp was an extraordinarily gifted athlete who was also adept at poker, pool, billiards and burning the candle at both ends. He had little interest in press reviews or money. It was winning and the brash gambles winning requires that he fancied. He was an excellent kicker, passer, runner and secondary defender. He even blocked well when asked to perform such drudgery. He was good at both ends of the basketball court. In baseball he was a sort of long-ball Ty Cobb.

For all his gifts, at Calumet High in Michigan Gipp had been a truant, athletically as well as academically, and at Notre Dame his behavior was hardly better. Although in the summers he played in municipal and industrial leagues, and went to Notre Dame on a baseball scholarship, he never won a letter in that sport or, so far as the records show, ever took part in more than three games in an intercollegiate season. He lettered in football four times. (The three-year eligibility rule then in force was waived in 1918 because of World War I.)

Commenting on Gipp's penchant for taking chances on the field, Rockne wrote in his autobiography, "He had proved to me that he was a gambler. I learned later, after his death, that this was so. I had often wondered why George Gipp, not a rich boy, had always sufficient funds. He was an expert card player, an expert billiards player—expert as he would have been in anything he took up. It was his pastime to rendezvous with visiting gentlemen of the trade and beat them at their own games."

It is hard to believe that, unless he was wearing a water bucket over his

Gipp went to Notre Dame to play baseball, but he gained lasting glory as a halfback for Rockne

PAINTING BY WILSON McLEAN

head. Rockne did *not know that* Gipp was gambling. The two South Bend papers at times reported Gipp's victories in pocket and three-cushion billiards at establishments like Jimmy and Goat's, and Hullie and Mike's. Moreover, Rockne often ate at Hullie and Mike's, a diner-pool hall near the campus.

In mid-October 1917, when Gipp, a sophomore aspirant for the varsity, turned up on campus, classes had been underway for five weeks and the football team had already played two games. Still, Gipp served nobly in a loss to Nebraska and in victories over South Dakota and Army. On his first carry in the sixth game of the season, he struck a post out of bounds and broke his right leg. After a brief return to school in late November, he disappeared until the following autumn. He spent most of the next academic year, 1918-19, on campus but, it seems, left without taking his final exams. It is often said that Rockne treated each player individually, bearing down on those who needed it, going easy on the sensitive. His technique for Gipp evidently was to pamper him.

Despite his gypsy ways, on Dec. 14, 1919, exactly one year before he would die, Left Halfback George Gipp was elected captain of the 1920 Notre Dame team. Three months later he lost his captaincy. In his autobiography Rockne says Gipp was expelled for cutting too many classes, but won reinstatement by taking an oral examination that proved he had covered the required academic ground. Patrick Chelland, a conscientious biographer of Gipp, maintains that Rockne's

continued

account is so much bunk. According to Chelland, the administration, already fed up with Gipp's ways, canned him after he was seen coming out of an off limits night spot. The dismissal caused a clamor—a petition was signed by townsfolk—and Gipp was readmitted. Apparently repentant, he played in three baseball games that spring, and the next fall actually showed up three days before the first football game on Oct. 2.

Gipp was a loner, known well by only a few of his teammates. One of those close to him was a backfield mate, Norm Barry. "Usually at practice we would not see George until Wednesday or Thursday," Barry, now a practicing lawyer and retired judge living in Chicago, recalls. "Johnny Mohardt and I would knock ourselves out, and when George finally showed up, Rockne would say in his staccato voice, 'George, George, where have you been? Where have you been, George? Get down there on the sixth team.' So George would get on the sixth team and work with a lot of boobs, and on Saturday he'd be in the game."

According to one tale supported by respectable testimony, once when Gipp arrived very late for a practice, Rockne told him there was no reason for him to have

In the posthumously released film "The Spirit of Notre Dame," J. Farrell MacDonald played the coach (top); Pat O'Brien was in the title role for "Knute Rockne: All-American," with Ronald Reagan taking the part of the Gipper

come at all. Gipp thereupon retired from the field and went back to the poker game he had left.

Rockne wrote that Gipp "cared little for female company." Chelland says Gipp had a steady girl named Iris, who told him on the morning of the 1920 Indiana game that she had married someone else. If there was an Iris and the incident occurred as Chelland describes it, she picked a heck of a time to brush off Gipp. On the eve of the Indiana game, Gipp already had a lot on his mind. Notre Dame had gone 17 games without a loss and was headed for its second perfect season. Consequently, Gipp was having a hard time getting down the $700 he had won on the Army game two weeks earlier. On Friday night, according to Chelland, he went to places where his face was not known, and was so desperate that he was willing to lay even money that "Gipp alone" would outscore Indiana. Saturday morning he was offering Indiana plus 15. Still, he was unable to find many takers, and fortunately so, because he played his worst game. Notre Dame's undefeated string and Gipp's All-America chances were both preserved that day by halfbacks Barry and Mohardt, who disliked each other.

continued

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The Notre Dame Scholastic reported, "The first half of the game had been a battle royal with the advantage to the Indiana men. They had stopped the widely heralded George Gipp, they had smothered the Rockne aerial attack, they had time and time broken through the line. . . . At this desperate stage came the change. Barry was substituted for Mohardt and Mohardt for Gipp. There was a brief consultation and perhaps a prayer, and then the 'juggernaut' got underway." In his biography of Rockne, Harry Stuhldreher, quarterback of the Four Horsemen, maintained that it was in this "brief consultation" between Barry and Mohardt that the phrase "Win one for the Gipper" was born. Stuhldreher wrote, "Mohardt and Barry shook hands and said, 'Let's forget our troubles. We've got to win this game for the Gipper who has been saving our faces for a long time.'"

Stuhldreher's account is controversial, and not only because of the image most people have of actor Pat O'Brien, playing the title role in the movie *Knute Rockne: All-American*, growling out the Gipper line in a halftime speech. Barry remembers his "brief consultation" with Mohardt to have been quite different from Stuhldreher's description. "Mohardt and I usually did not speak to each other," Barry says, "but when I went in, I said to him, 'Listen, you Polack, if you don't knock that big so-and-so end out of the ball park, I'll knock you on your ass.'" On this inspirational note, Notre Dame moved the ball inside the Indiana one-yard line as the third quarter ended. Rockne then put Gipp back in the game to go over for the touchdown. The score certainly helped Gipp's All-America chances, but it did not sit well with Barry, whom he replaced.

"When Rockne took me out," Barry says, "I took off my helmet and threw it at him. He was kneeling on the sidelines and ducked. I walked right out of the park in my outfit and hailed a cab. I had no money, so I told the cabman to see Rockne, the coach, and get it from him."

Gipp had dislocated his left shoulder in the Indiana game, which Notre Dame rallied to win 13–10. On a blustery day the following week, while helping Grover Malone, a former teammate, coach high schoolers, he caught cold. Despite the ailments, which kept him in bed for several days, Gipp traveled with the team to Evanston to meet Northwestern. Even with Gipp sidelined, Notre Dame was leading comfortably by the end of the third quarter, thanks, in the main, to two long touchdown runs by Barry. The Alumni Association had billed the game as "George Gipp Day," so in a strange way Barry once again helped Gipp live up to his reputation. With the crowd—Irish alumni and Northwestern homecomers alike—clamoring for Gipp, Rockne relented in the fourth quarter and put in his ailing hero.

It was Gipp's last scene, and a great one. On Notre Dame's first possession after he entered the game, he passed 35 yards to Right End Eddie Anderson for a touchdown. On the next possession he set an intercollegiate passing record for distance, throwing 55 yards to Barry for another score.

By the following Saturday, when Notre Dame finished another perfect season, beating Michigan State 25–0, Gipp was hospitalized with a streptococcus infection that was later complicated by pneumonia. He beat the pneumonia and rallied for a while, but the infection lingered. In the predawn of Dec. 14, 1920, the lights of South Bend's Oliver Hotel, where Gipp had many friends, momentarily flicked off, signaling his death.

He was a tough stag brought down by the small hounds of circumstance. Barry and five other teammates accompanied his casket north to his home in the Keweenaw, making the last six miles by sled. While hospitalized, Gipp learned he had been picked by Walter Camp as a first-string All-America, the first Notre Dame man so honored. Baseball contracts offered by the White Sox and Cubs were buried with him.

Did the dying Gipp ever ask Rockne to tell the Irish someday, when the going was rough, to win one for the Gipper? Because both men are now dead, the question is forever moot. For sure, at halftime of the 1928 Army game Rockne fired up his sagging, underdog team with such a request from Gipp. And for certain, when Halfback Jack Chevigny plunged over for the tying score in that game, Chevigny did cry out, "There's one for the Gipper!" Indeed, as Quarterback Frank Carideo recalls, at least half a dozen times after a gain, when they lined up in T formation for the next play, he could hear Chevigny behind him saying, "One for the Gipper." Final score: Gipp 12, Army 6.

Rockne players went forth to coach across the land at institutions great and small—at Washington in the Far West and Holy Cross in the East, at Mount St. Charles (now Carroll College) in Montana and at Santa Clara in California and Sing Sing prison in New York. The names that came from this wellspring are familiar to all football historians, and many of them are well known even to casual followers of the game: Noble Kizer of Purdue, Marchmont Schwartz of Stanford, Jim Crowley of Michigan State and Fordham, Edgar (Rip) Miller of Navy, Harry Stuhldreher of Villanova and Wisconsin, Frank Thomas of Alabama, Frank Leahy of Boston College and Notre Dame, Eddie Anderson of Holy Cross and Iowa, Hunk Anderson of St. Louis and Notre Dame, Elmer Layden of Duquesne and Notre Dame—they and a dozen more were all Rockne men. "We coached everywhere," Schwartz says, "but there never was another Rockne."

By January of 1931 Rockne seemed to have recovered fairly well from the phlebitis that troubled him for most of two years. He was busy half a dozen ways. In addition to his work at Notre Dame and as a marketing executive for Studebaker, he was writing a syndicated football column, collaborating on movie shorts, running football clinics and keeping an eye on his investment in a brokerage firm. At the time of his death in a plane crash on March 31, 1931, he was bound for California on Studebaker business and to start a full-length movie on Notre Dame football.

If he had not died, where would Rockne have gone in the years ahead?

Westbound from New England on a train in 1943, Tackle Joe Kurth ran into Rockne's widow, Bonnie. In a club-car chat she told him Knute had planned to coach for a few more years, and then serve Notre Dame only as athletic director. Schwartz remembers on the train back from the Rock's last victory over USC in 1930, he asked Rockne, "How much longer are you going to coach?"

Rockne replied, "When autumn comes and the leaves fall off the trees, I'll be on the football field."

There is little doubt that, no matter how long he might have continued coaching, he would have been a winner. He had a magnificent capacity for adapting and an eye always on tomorrow. However football might change, he would have picked up the latest strategies and used them well. Schwartz re-

continued

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calls that in his freshman year, 1928-29, "there were rumblings that Rock was too old, that the game was ahead of him. He had stayed with the box formation too long, and Notre Dame had better look for a new coach with more zing. Honest to God, that was the thinking in the only season that Rock lost more than two games."

When Schwartz, then a freshman halfback, returned to his home in Mississippi for Christmas, Rockne telephoned him from the Roosevelt Hotel in New Orleans. He was there for a coaches' meeting, but he wanted "to discuss something." Carnegie Tech had beaten Notre Dame that fall with spinner plays, and what Rockne wanted Schwartz to do was spin in his hotel room. "He had some chalk," Schwartz says, "and he drew a yard circle on the rug of his room, and he said, 'I'm worried about the halfback getting the ball and spinning. You practice. I'll be the center.' After an hour of centering the ball to me, Rock was delighted. 'That's it. That's it for next year,' he said. And by God," Schwartz concludes, "we won two national championships, and our best attack to the weak side was with those spinners."

In the '20s, before half of America had a radio or knew the meaning of the word *television,* Rockne wrote, "There is no question but that within a year or so a man will be able to sit down at home at his radio and not only hear an account of the game but see it by means of television. There is no doubt, too, but that the rapid transit strides made possible by aviation will increase intersectional games, bringing more color into the various college schedules. I don't believe that television will affect the crowds any more than radio does today. There will be some of a certain temperament who will be content to sit at home and get the account by radio television. But the real, dyed-in-the-wool fan will want to be out there in the throng."

If there had never been a Knute Rockne or a game called football, today there still would be a great University of Notre Dame. If Rockne had never gone to Notre Dame or played the game, he would have been a winner somewhere in some way. However, the school, the game and the man happened together. They were what Rockne, educated as a chemist, might have called an ideal stoichiometric mix. By any name they were a trinity well met. **END**

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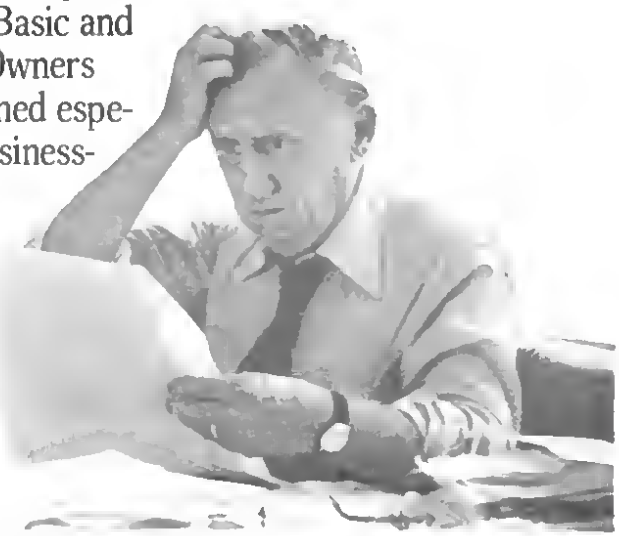

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by Joe Jares

KHrnnz is dng jst grt

You may abbreviate Keith Hernandez' name but don't ever, ever sell him short

Anybody who knows the difference between an earned run average and the Equal Rights Amendment is aware that Lou Brock of St. Louis got his 3,000th hit this season. But because of the brouhaha over Brock, not enough attention has been paid to his teammate, First Baseman Keith Hernandez—often condensed to KHrnnz in box scores—who is well on the way to his second Gold Glove and his first batting title.

Hernandez, 25, was hitting .347 through last Sunday and had been leading the National League since Aug. 11. He was the overwhelming choice for NL Player of the Month in August, when he batted .384 and knocked in 21 runs. Not bad for a fellow who was only the Cards' 42nd draft pick in 1971 and the 783rd player selected in the country.

So, O.K., who's Keith Hernandez? For starters, he's no relation to the Dodgers' Enzo Hernandez, who was born in Venezuela, or the Cubs' Guillermo (Puerto Rico) or the Blue Jays' Pedro (Dominican Republic). He's not even Latin American. Keith Hernandez is of English-Scottish and Spanish extraction and was born in San Francisco. His father, San Francisco fireman John Hernandez, hit .301 in the Texas League in 1947. John's career was hindered by two beanings, one the result of a pitched ball, the other the consequence of a bat that slipped out of a hitter's hands. After he became a fireman he had plenty of days off in which to teach his two sons, Gary and Keith, how to hit and play first base.

Gary, now a Bay Area insurance man, was a star at California but had a frustrating two years in the minors. Keith's struggles began earlier. A three-sport star his junior year at Capuchino High in Millbrae, a San Francisco suburb, he saw things go sour his senior year. He was a quarterback, which was just dandy until a new head coach came along and "put in a three-yards-and-a-cloud-of-dust attack. There went all my hopes for a football scholarship."

Worse, Hernandez had a dispute with his baseball coach and quit the team, which scared off scouts and accounted for his low standing in the draft. And worse still, after the Cards selected Hernandez, they made no serious effort to sign him. That summer, while waiting to go to Cal on a baseball scholarship, he burned up the local Joe DiMaggio League, as both a first baseman and a pitcher. The Cards came looking again, liked what they saw and upped the ante, signing him for a $30,000 bonus seldom seen by 42nd-round picks.

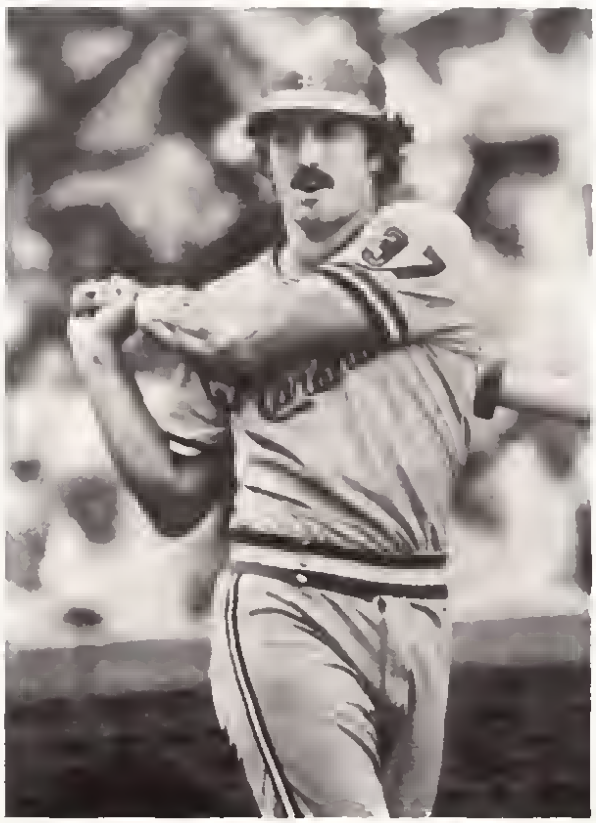
Hernandez had some problems in the minors, too—a broken forearm here, a torn cartilage there, slow starts almost everywhere—but St. Louis executive Bob Kennedy, now a vice-president of the Cubs, kept watch over him. "He looked out for me, no doubt about it," says Hernandez. "He saved my career."

When Hernandez was with Arkansas of the Double A Texas League in 1973 and had slumped from .300 to .260, Kennedy inexplicably promoted him to Tulsa of the Triple A American Association, where he hit .333 in 31 games and drove in 25 runs.

"That turned my career around," says Hernandez. "I got a hit my first time up and kept hitting. I won the first game of the playoffs with a home run in the bottom of the ninth. The next year I led that league in hitting."

His second full season in the majors, 1977, he hit .291, had 91 RBIs and started dating a beautiful blonde, Sue Broeker, who often sat with her family behind the Cardinal dugout. Now she's his wife. They live on three secluded acres in Chesterfield, Mo., a suburb of St. Louis, with her 6-year-old daughter from a previous marriage.

Although Hernandez won a Gold Glove last season, his hitting fell to .255 because, he



At .347, Hernandez is hitting some 70 points above his lifetime average

feels, he tried to pull the ball too often. After an impressive spring training, he tailed off again this season and was hitting only .237 on May 3.

"Whenever I'm down and out, in a deep slump and don't know what I'm doing wrong, I call my dad," says Hernandez. "He came to St. Louis. In this case he said I was doing nothing wrong. He told me to just keep swinging. It gave me peace of mind to know I was O.K., that it was only momentary."

Pull out of it he did, hitting .340 in May, .369 in June and .333 in July. One reason for his improvement is a change he made in his stance, moving away from the plate a little against righties, while continuing to crowd it against lefties.

Hernandez knows his batting average the way other people know their age, so he exaggerates a bit when he says, "The only statistics I pay close attention to are runs scored and RBIs because those are the production categories. I got my biggest charge from the 91 RBIs in '77."

Through Sunday he had 97 RBIs, five behind the league leader, Dave Winfield of the Padres. In the race for the batting title he had 23 points on closest rival Garry Templeton, whose locker adjoins Hernandez' in the Cardinal clubhouse. The way Hernandez is hitting, that's as close as Templeton is likely to get.

THE WEEK

(September 2-8)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

NL WEST Come September the minor leaguers come up and the managers go down. The honor of being the first casualty went to last year's National League Manager of the Year, Joe Altobelli of the Giants (3–4). San Francisco was 61–79 when he received the bad news; it was 80–58 at the same point last year. The Giants didn't follow tradition by winning their first game under new Manager Dave Bristol, but they triumphed 9–2 the next night, when Vida Blue, whose off-field misbehavior, 5.04 ERA and 13 losses no doubt helped hasten Altobelli's exit, pitched seven scoreless innings against Houston. The following night the Giants knocked the Astros out of first place.

Roger Craig of San Diego (3–4) is no doubt checking his mail for the dread pink slip, the Padres having fallen 23 games under .500 and 21 games out. All of which was too much for Gaylord Perry, the two-time Cy Young Award winner, the winningest active pitcher in either league and noted critic of players

continued

who don't try. Perry up and resigned, announcing he wanted to be closer to his North Carolina farm. Slightly more than a thousand miles closer would do it, he said, referring to his hopes of being traded to the Texas Rangers, whose owner, Brad Corbett, seems to have gone the tampering Padre boss, Ray Kroc, one better. Corbett admits that even before Perry's walkout he was already "putting the wheels in motion" to get Gaylord.

Houston (3–4) and Cincinnati (4–3) were jockeying in and out of first place. Astro J. R. Richard struck out nine Padres, bringing his total to 258, and allowed only three hits in a 2–0 shutout. He hasn't given up an earned run in 37 innings and has won nine of his last 10 starts. Joe Niekro, who pitched twice without a win, continued to be troubled by wildness. One errant pitch led to the only run in a 1–0 loss to L.A. Luis Pujols, brought up to catch Niekro after a knuckler broke Catcher Alan Ashby's hand, got a double, a triple and two RBIs in one game and a game-winning RBI in another.

Cincy's pitching, which had been strong of late, faltered, but the Reds' bats more than compensated. Joe Morgan got his 2,000th career hit, Johnny Bench hit in his 18th straight game and the starting lineup batted .310 with nine homers.

Manny Mota of the Dodgers (4–3) set a major league record for career pinch hits with 145, and Gene Garber of the Braves (2–5) established a big league mark for most losses in a season by a relief pitcher—15.

CIN 81–62 HOU 80–62 LA 67–75
SF 63–80 SD 60–83 ATL 55–86

NL EAST

"This is what keeps us going," said Mets Reliever Neil Allen after New York (3–5) began the week by beating Houston. "We hope to decide who gets into the playoffs." Indeed the Mets, who have been out of contention virtually since Opening Day, had a big hand in their own division race; they dropped three straight to Montreal and then tired out the Pirates with two extra-inning games.

The Pirates (4–3) were bushed. That was the third extra-inning game of a tedious week in which they flew from San Francisco, where they had become the first team to sweep a season's series from the Giants since they moved West in 1958, to Pittsburgh for a doubleheader with the Phils, to St. Louis for a two-game series and finally to New York.

All of which benefited Montreal (7–1), which advanced to within a game of the Pirates after a club-record 10-game winning streak. During the streak, Coach Vern Rapp, who had performed a similar chore in a five-game string earlier in the season, took the lineup card to home plate. Unfortunately, last Friday night's game was played in St. Louis, and Rapp's appearance was probably all the incentive the Cardinals needed to snap the Expos' streak. Rapp had been fired by the Redbirds last year after establishing less than cordial relations with nearly every Cardinal player.

The Cards (5–2) continued on their tear, completing their most successful road trip—of at least 10 games—in 10 years. They added good pitching to their league-leading hitting and were playing sound fundamental baseball. Well, almost. For the second time this year, Relief Pitcher Darold Knowles tried his patented "trick play"—attempting to pick off a man at first with the bases loaded. The trick seems to be to hit the baserunner with the ball. This time it scored two runs and again cost the Cardinals a victory.

Chicago (1–6) ran its losing streak to seven before beating Philadelphia. The Phillies won four straight—all on the road—under new Manager Dallas Green. When they returned to the Vet, who should be in the stands but former skipper Danny Ozark. Ozark's luck ran true to form; he saw the Phils get three hits in the first inning. And then it rained. Storm David—né Hurricane David—had hit the city, forcing cancellation of the game.

PITT 84–57 MONT 80–55 ST.L 76–63
CHI 72–67 PHIL 71–70 NY 55–84

AL EAST

Don Zimmer has not been making any long-range plans. With reports of his imminent firing, his coaches and his players all are expecting it. Boston is a tough town, and second place, let alone third, isn't good enough. The Red Sox (1–5) after losing 16 of 20 games were 13½ back and virtually eliminated. The Red Sox tailspin could be attributed to injuries and the hot play of the Orioles, but according to baseball tradition, when the bus breaks down, you shoot the driver.

George Bamberger of Milwaukee (2–3) not only did not fear for his job, but he was also talked out of retiring and into another year of work. His Brewers were 24 games over .500 but still trailed the Orioles by 11½. Nonetheless, there was good reason to cheer. Larry Hisle, whom the Brewers feared might never play again after suffering a torn tendon in his right shoulder, appeared in his first game since May 4, got a hit and felt no pain.

Baltimore (6–0) continued its runaway to the division title. Mike Flanagan became the majors' first 20-game winner and four days later picked up his 21st victory.

Although there is no longer a division race, there are position races, and the one for fourth place between the Yankees (5–2) and the Tigers (2–5) is a dandy. Or is it between Billy Martin and Sparky Anderson? The two managers played a game at Tiger Stadium under a double protest that was doubly ridiculous. The Yankees won the game—and semi-firm control of fourth place.

Toronto (1–5) led Cleveland (4–2) 8–0 after six innings. In the eighth the Blue Jays turned the second triple play in their three-year history. Then they returned to form, committing five errors and giving up six runs in the ninth to lose 9–8. By dropping a 5–4 game to the Indians the next day, the Blue Jays hit the half-century mark, falling a full 50 games behind the Orioles. Even if the other clubs in the division forfeited all their remaining games with Toronto, the Jays would still finish in the cellar, 26 games out.

BALT 93–46 MIL 83–59 BOS 79–59 NY 77–62
DET 75–68 CLEV 73–69 TOR 44–97

AL WEST

"Today is the first day I didn't have to worry about my arm," said Nolan Ryan after beating Chicago 6–5. It was only his second win since mid-August. Four days later the Angels (6–1) stopped worrying—both about Ryan's arm and their overworked bullpen. He pitched a four-hitter for his first complete game in seven starts and the Angels' first in 13 games. California had spent much of the season with its best starting pitchers sidelined, but now Ryan, Chris Knapp and Frank Tanana, who made his first appearance since June 10, are all back.

That's bad news for the Royals. While Angel arms were ailing, the Royals (2–4) had picked up 10½ games and had begun the week tied for first. But the Royals won just two and dropped into second, four games back.

As Jerry Koosman warmed up in the Twins' bullpen before a game with the Royals, he was extremely wild. "How am I going to get through this game?" he wondered. By allowing two hits, one run and no walks and getting seven strikeouts, that's how. It was Koos' 18th win for Minnesota (2–4).

The Rangers (5–1) are making their annual September surge. But once again, it was clearly a case of too little, too late. They still trailed the Angels by 8½ games. Chicago (1–6) and Seattle (2–4) fell 18 and 19 games back, respectively.

Despite giving up 23 hits and two home runs, Rick Langford won twice for the 4–1 A's. He also pitched his ninth consecutive complete game to break Vida Blue's 8-year-old club record. Stopping just one short of a 63-year-old league record was Matt Keough, who won his first game after 18 straight losses. As he sipped celebratory champagne Keough said, "They're all behind me now. As far as I'm concerned, I'm 1–0."

CAL 79–64 KC 74–67 MINN 72–68 TEX 70–72
CHI 60–81 SEA 60–83 OAK 49–93

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

GEORGE FOSTER: Battling for an unprecedented fourth straight RBI title, the Cincinnati leftfielder drove in 11 runs—two were game-winners—with 11 hits, three homers. Despite missing 26 games, he has 93 RBIs.

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by Douglas S. Looney

Do not ignore all the signs

But which, the optimistic or ominous, will South Carolina's Jim Carlen heed?

Carlen is cool, despite a 28–0 loss and turmoil

Since the University of South Carolina began playing football in 1894, it has established a record for consistency that few other schools can match. Nor would they want to. "Name me one major school in the country besides us," says Gamecock Coach Jim Carlen, "that has *never* won more than seven games in a season."

Actually, the 1903 Gamecocks went 8–2, but killjoys point out that two of the wins were over the local YMCA, which sort of taints the achievement. And there are those who believe that South Carolina's true high point came in 1906, when the Board of Trustees banned football for a year. The Gamecocks have gone to only three bowls, none a major one, and *lost in all of them.*

But that was yesteryear. This season a new and shiny era was to dawn for South Carolina. The athletic department was so sure, it put out bumper stickers that read. THIS IS NEXT YEAR. Carlen has one on his refrigerator at home. A few of the preseason polls put South Carolina in the Top 20. No wonder, because 18 of 22 starters were back from the '78 team. "We're mighty good," said Carlen.

But when the talking stopped and the playing started last Saturday in Chapel Hill against North Carolina, South Carolina was mighty bad, losing 28–0. Said Carlen afterward, "It's *still* next year."

Perhaps it will be yet, because the Gamecocks do have the makings of a good team—certainly their best ever, with Quarterback Garry Harper, Tailback George Rogers, Linebacker Scott Wade and far more depth than South Carolinians are accustomed to. But later this season the Gamecocks also face the likes of Notre Dame, Florida State, Georgia and North Carolina State.

Still, if anyone understands how to deal with adversity, it is Carlen, who has signs about it all over his office. After all, when he was little, his grandmother told him if he didn't drink or hang around the pool hall in Cookeville, Tenn., she'd give him a Rolls-Royce when he turned 18. She died when he was 14. Such untimely turns of events can get to you. Like last year, when Carlen lost his starting left guard, Fred David, for the last four games of the season. David hurt his knee jumping off the bench in celebration of a one-point win over Mississippi. The Gamecocks, 4–2–1 at that point, finished the season with a 5–5–1 record, beating only Wake Forest in those final four games.

The factor that may most severely test Carlen's resourcefulness as he tries to build a winner is that South Carolina is a school where the clashes on the playing field pale in comparison to what goes on in the athletic department offices. At one point in 1977 the Gamecocks had three athletic directors, including Carlen. Last week the Board of Trustees, in a byzantine action, fired veteran basketball coach—and athletic director for basketball only—Frank McGuire, effective at the end of the next season. At the same time the board made him vice-president for public relations. However, McGuire rejected the trustees' action and says he'll keep coaching at South Carolina as long as he wants to. The board also said that Carlen must give up either his athletic directorship or football coaching in 1983, when his contract expires. They say he can't handle both jobs. Carlen says it's just more proof of how foolish the trustees are. Besides, he thinks it might be good to be well clear of South Carolina in '83, what with the Gamecocks scheduled to play Southern Cal and Notre Dame on successive Saturdays.

Amid all the commotion, Carlen gathered his players at practice last week and told them, "Don't you worry about Coach Carlen. If they try to take my job away, they'd better back up to my house in a Brinks delivery truck with the money neatly stacked." The players cheered. In 1978 the university told Carlen he could not be the athletic director because there was no job description for it on the school's organizational chart. That one went to the lawyers and Carlen won. But victory didn't come cheap. Last week he thumbed through his checkbook until he found the right stub and pointed. "Look, I spent $3,800 of my money to represent myself against my own university," he said.

All this understandably irks Carlen, because he came to Carolina in 1975 primarily to be athletic director. "There was $16,000 in the athletic fund when I got here," he says. "Now there is $1.7 million. Last year we gave the general university fund $250,000, and you know what? This little ole president we have

[Dr. James B. Holderman] didn't even say thank you. Know what he said? 'Can I count on this every year?' " Carlen refers to his life in Columbia as coping with the "controversy of the month." Of his multiple troubles, a friend says, "What Jim has to remember is friends come and go but enemies accumulate."

For his part, Carlen insists that he doesn't create controversies. "I just get dragged into them," he says. Indeed, everyone seems to at South Carolina. In spite of such distractions, Carlen is a proven builder, and that's his strength. He coached for four years at West Virginia, guided the Mountaineers to a 10–1 record in 1969 and did everything but beat Penn State. He coached for five years at Texas Tech, had an 11–1 mark one year and did everything but win the Southwest Conference. Now he fully intends that South Carolina will soon win at least eight games. "I've always won," he says of his lifetime 85–56–6 record. "So nobody will be surprised when *I* win at South Carolina."

Yes they will. For while the university may be making trouble for him, he makes trouble for himself with his sometimes blunt, often tactless mouth. He knows it, but says, "Some people have a hard time adjusting to the truth. And that's what I deal in. I have the guts to do what most people know is right but are afraid to do." He has been known to tell promising high school quarterbacks who are leaning toward South Carolina, "Son, you can't throw a lick." This can discourage a prospect.

"My biggest weakness is that I care too much about my players," says Carlen. He likes to be the stoic, benevolent, patriarchal type. Just before Saturday's game, he told his boys, "You've worked yourselves to death. Now go out there and win, just because you deserve it." Apparently North Carolina Tailback Famous Amos Lawrence was more deserving, as he dazzled the Gamecocks by rushing for 134 yards and scoring two touchdowns. "I hurt for my kids more than I hurt for myself," said Carlen when the game was over. "Of course, I hurt for myself an awful lot."

Now in his fifth year at South Carolina, Carlen knows it's time to win big—to date, he's 23–23–1—and the fans are thinking that way, too. Witness the bumper sticker seen around Columbia that the athletic department didn't print up: CARLEN '79: BE GOOD OR BE GONE.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

Like South Carolina, Texas A&M, Arizona State, Stanford, Colorado and Ball State had their high hopes for the season jolted in the first weekend of play.

Brigham Young pulled off the biggest shocker, rallying for an 18–17 win by taking advantage of a Texas A&M gamble that failed. The Aggies led 17–10 with 5:33 to go when they went for a first down on fourth and one at midfield. BYU held. After the Cougars couldn't get a first down on their next series, they punted to the A&M four, partially blocked an ensuing kick from the end zone, took over at the Aggie 19 and pulled to within 17–16 when Marc Wilson fired a three-yard TD pass to Clay Brown with 52 seconds remaining. Now it was the Cougars' turn to gamble, and the gamble paid off as Mike Lacey made a leaping catch of Wilson's two-point conversion pass.

Arizona State, always a good bet to win at home at night, was favored to knock the pants off California. Indeed, the Bears lost their pants—they were stolen the night before the game—but they undressed the Sun Devils once the game began, winning 17–9 in 100° heat as Rich Campbell hit 23 of 30 passes for 271 yards.

Just as Cal wasn't undone by the hot air in Tempe, Oregon wasn't bothered by the thin air in Boulder, Colo., where the Ducks were 33–19 winners over Colorado and its new coach, Chuck Fairbanks, late of the NFL. Oregon Quarterback Reggie Ogburn, a transfer from the College of the Canyons, kept the Buffaloes off balance with 168 yards passing and 108 rushing.

Stanford, too, was overwhelmed, Tulane jarring the Cardinals 33–10 in the Superdome. The Green Wave outgained Stanford 326 to 116 in total offense and made 21 first downs to the Cardinals' four.

Another team of Cardinals—from Ball State—lost. The Mid-American Conference favorites fell 27–3 at Miami of Ohio. Injuries forced the Redskins to use two second-stringers in the backfield, and both came through. The pair of subs, Fullback Kaiser Holman and Halfback Paul Drennan, combined for three touchdowns and 279 yards on the ground, and Quarterback Chuck Hauck accounted for 99 yards and one TD through the air.

To be sure, not all the favorites were defeated, but some had to scratch and claw to come out on top. Florida State trailed visiting Southern Mississippi 14–3 with 10 minutes left. Then a blocked punt set up one FSU touchdown, and Gary Henry ran back another punt 65 yards for the go-ahead score in the Seminoles' 17–14 victory. East Carolina led 17–13 at halftime at North Carolina State before succumbing 34–20. Scoring the last two TDs for the Wolfpack was Dwight Sullivan, who carried 15 times for 131 yards. UCLA blew a 9–0 halftime lead in losing to heavily favored Houston 24–16. One particular play shattered UCLA's upset hopes. It was a sparkling 67-yard exhibition of darting and weaving by Quarterback Delrick Brown that set up the Cougars' third touchdown.

It took a get-tough halftime talk from Missouri Coach Warren Powers to arouse his heavily favored Tigers, who were booed after trailing San Diego State 13–0 at the half. "I got on 'em pretty good," Powers said. Then his Tigers went out and stormed to a 45–15 victory. Two long runs were part of a four-touchdown fourth quarter for Missouri, Quarterback Phil Bradley going 63 yards on a keeper and Eric Wright returning an interception 72 yards.

And there were a few favorites that actually won easily. At Georgia Tech, the fans talked about how their Yellow Jackets would "come out humming" against Alabama. Alas, the roar of the Crimson Tide drowned out Tech as 'Bama rolled to a 30–6 victory. Washington whipped Wyoming 38–2 as Joe Steele ran for 106 yards and three touchdowns. That made Steele the Huskies' all-time leading rusher with 2,503 yards, four more than Hugh McElhenny had.

In the Big Ten, Michigan routed Northwestern 49–7. Wolverine freshman Anthony Carter scored on a 78-yard punt return and a 12-yard pass from B. J. Dickey. Michigan State, ahead only 13–10 at the half, overwhelmed Illinois 33–16. The Spartans were led by the 233 yards passing of Bert Vaughn and the four field goals—including one from 52 yards—of Morten Andersen. With Mark Herrmann throwing for 291 yards and four touchdowns, Purdue defeated Wisconsin 41–20, while Indiana won 30–26 at Iowa. In non-conference games, Minnesota rallied past Ohio University 24–10, and Earle Bruce was a victor in his first game as Ohio State coach, his Buckeyes swamping Syracuse 31–8 in Columbus.

USC Coach John Robinson, whose team is favored to win the national championship, said before playing at Texas Tech, "I'm scared to death we won't get a first down. But I believe we will." Although the Trojans had 21 first downs and won 21–7, their title hopes may have been damaged by injuries to three starters, including Tailback Charles White, who hurt his right shoulder in the second period.

A statistical oddity resulted from a tie between Utah State and host San Jose State. With two seconds to go, Steve Steinke of the Aggies missed a 39-yard field-goal try. However, San Jose was offside. So with no time left, Steinke tried again and made a 34-yarder to tie the score, 48–48, the highest-scoring stalemate in NCAA history. END

by Kenny Moore

The quick in a dead heat

Jeff Wells and Tony Sandoval finished together to win the Nike Marathon, a race in which 50 runners went under the U.S. Olympic Trial qualifying standard

Hear this,Bill Rodgers,Frank Shorter and Craig Virgin, the early-book favorites to make up the 1980 U.S. Olympic marathon team. It's not going to be easy. That was the message that was flashed from the ninth annual Nike/Oregon Track Club marathon last Sunday in Eugene, where Tony Sandoval and Jeff Wells, both of the hometown Athletics West Club, cruised to a mutual victory in 2:10:20, ahead of teammate John Lodwick's courageous 2:10:54 and Dick Quax' first-ever marathon of 2:11:13. Yes, Rodgers, Shorter and Virgin, as you prepare for next month's New York Marathon, lend an ear to this emphatic communiqué from the Northwest.

Wells (4) and Sandoval squirt sponges in unison

It was a race marked by perfect conditions and elated, eager running. A fine mist was falling through 56° air as the field, sternly limited to 1,000, left the start. Up front at once was Lodwick, who has been Wells' roommate, first at Rice, then at the Dallas Theological Seminary and now in Eugene, where both are assistant pastors of Calvary Baptist Church. "I didn't plan on leading," said Lodwick later. "I ran with the same effort as I did in previous marathons." But once he and Bernie Rose, a South African who had entered under an assumed name of Bernard Randall to circumvent the AAU ban against his countrymen, drew away from the pack at five miles, the 6′ 4″ Lodwick decided he had better stay ahead. "I've been a windbreak for a lot guys in past races," he said, "and there is a certain anxiety to being closely followed."

There seemed to be none at all to dropping Rose and running freely to a full minute's lead by the halfway point. His right palm was blue from his having written his expected checkpoint times there. He soon stopped consulting it. "That was because after eight miles I was running personal records all the way," he said.

Behind him ran a pack of five relatively patient men. Wells, the race record holder (2:13:15 in 1977) was feeling at peace with the world. "I was just thinking, 'This is what I love, running on a good day with good runners.' I was just filled with the joy of it. It didn't seem too upsetting that John was so far ahead. Once I even hoped he'd go on to a 2:08 world record."

Herm Atkins, of Seattle's Club Northwest, went along, knowing he had only to stay with these rivals to continue the remarkable transition he has made from a runner known only for his early foot to a world-class marathoner and consistent finisher.

Sandoval, 25, who is a third-year medical student at the University of Colorado, followed a few yards behind, concentrating on an even flow of effort. "I kept thinking this is a long race," he said. "Just let all the work you've done carry you." That work included a glorious month this summer running with Wells and Lodwick in the high country near Los Alamos and Truchas, N. Mex., Sandoval's hometown. On trails 10,000 feet up Guaje Canyon in the Jemez Range, Sandoval ran with elks, "played in the meadows" and now has returned to competition five pounds lighter—he's 5′ 8″, 112 pounds—stocked with boundless emotional reserves.

Quax, as would be expected of the 1976 Olympic silver medalist at 5,000 meters, was having no trouble with the pace, but there are experiences on many levels in a marathon. "I got excited, even euphoric," the New Zealander said. "It was a feeling you never have on the track. On the road, competitors hand around sponges. In a 5,000 all that they give you are elbows."

Thus moved, by 18 miles Quax had broken away from Sandoval, Wells and Atkins and was going after Lodwick. But his charge was too early and too hard.

"It was inexperience," Quax said. Quickly he cut Lodwick's margin to 30 seconds, then 15. But there he hung.

At 22 miles, in sudden sunshine, Sandoval and Wells passed Quax and strode lightly on after Lodwick. They had exchanged small words of encouragement all along. Now there was no need to talk. "We knew what was happening," said Sandoval. "There was power exuding from us." They caught Lodwick with 2½ miles to go. "I knew they were coming," Lodwick said. "I tried to prepare myself not to get discouraged as they went by. We hit 40 kilometers in under 2:04. I knew what that meant. Hang on!"

continued

"You're in business?
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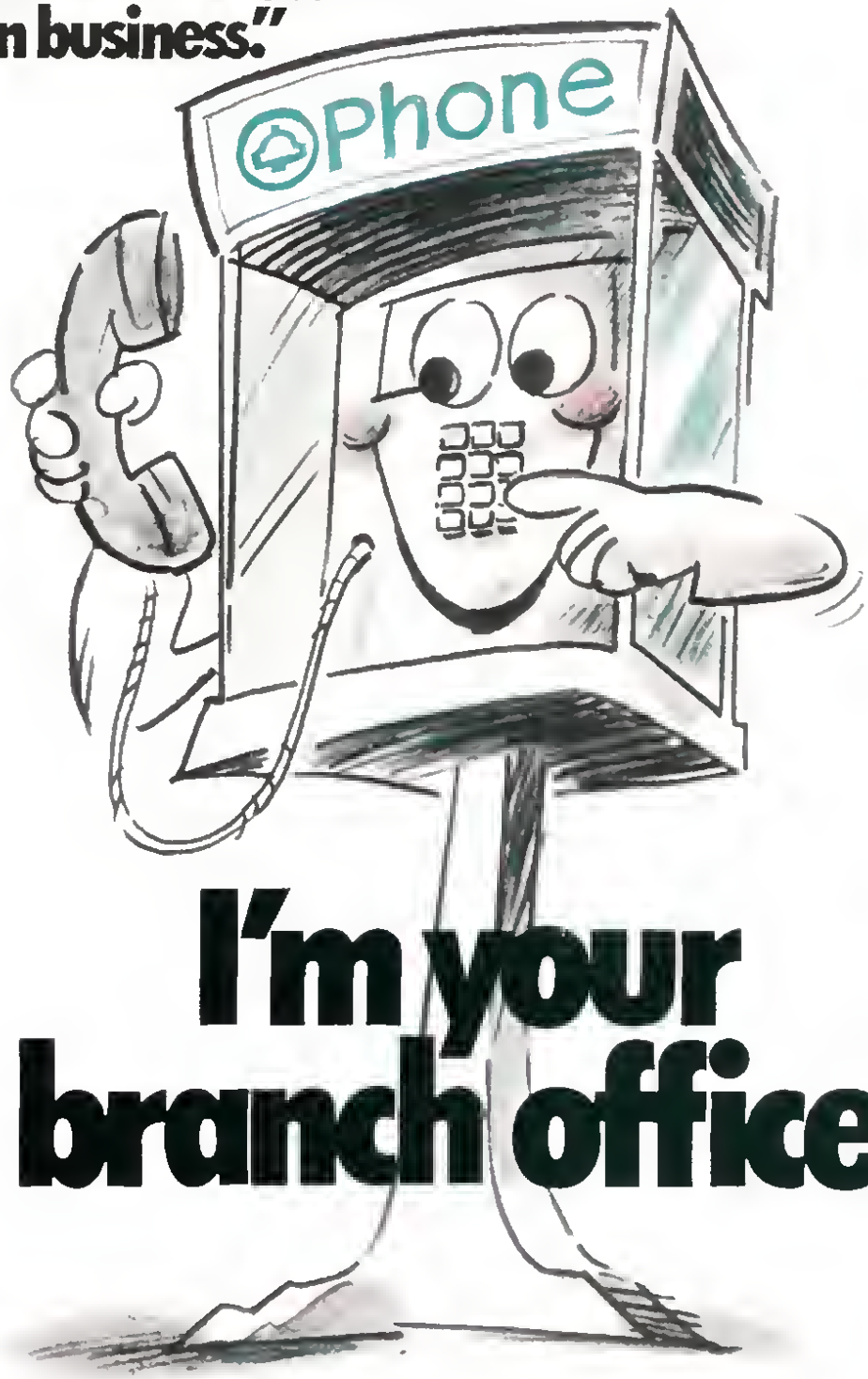

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As Sandoval ran with Wells over the footbridge across the Willamette River, he was aware that there was less than a mile to go, and he began reliving the 1976 Olympic Trials. It was at this spot that he had been left by Don Kardong and had lost the last spot on the team. But now he felt strong and jubilant.

Wells is a magnificent finisher who has never given quarter at the end of a race. Sandoval is a 1:49.5 800-meter runner who can sprint with anyone. They looked at each other and decided to finish in a tie. "We had run so far together, had helped each other so much," said Wells, "that we couldn't have done anything else. We found out all we had to know—for now."

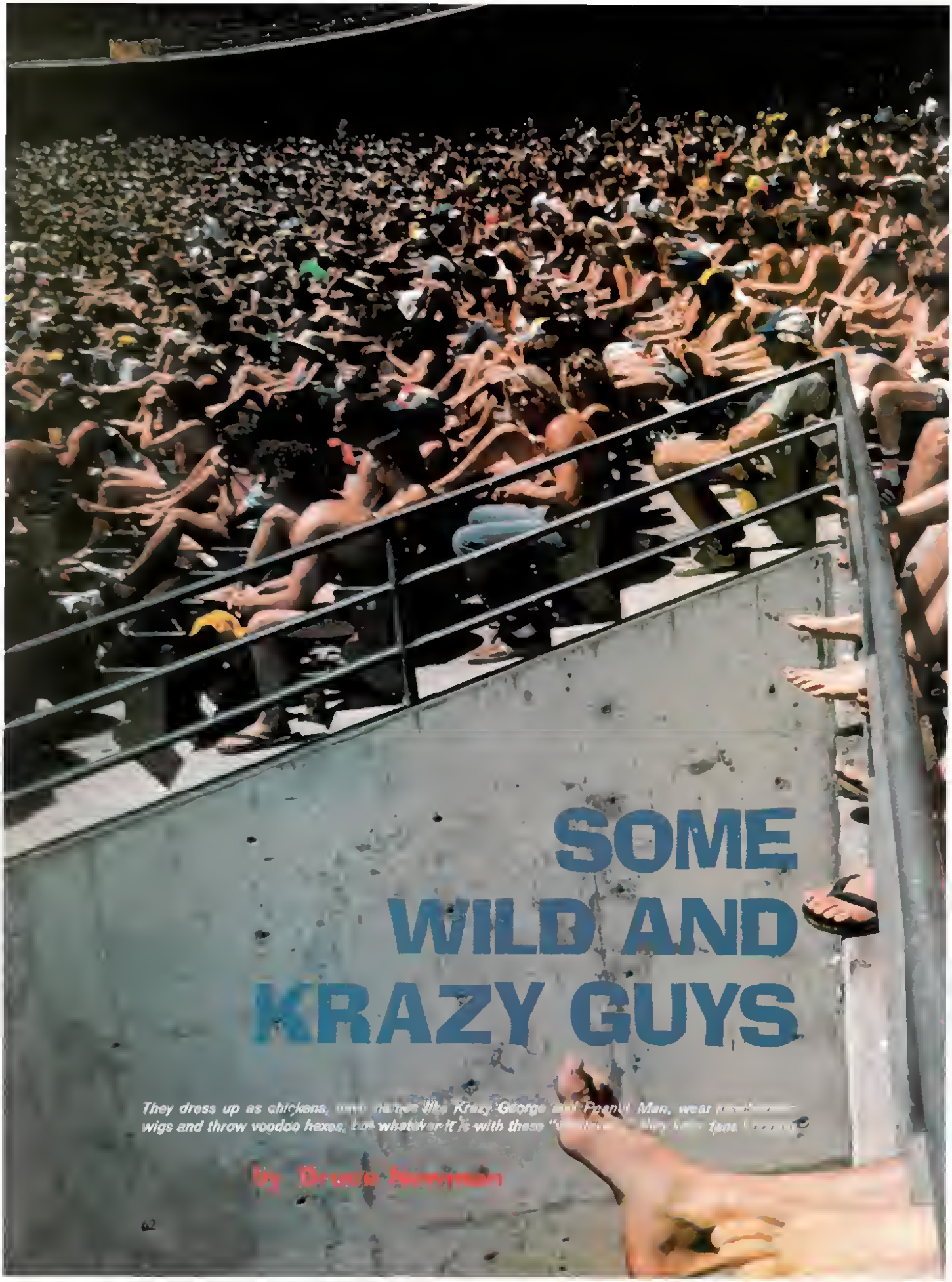
By not sprinting, Wells gave up the opportunity to break his personal record of 2:10:15. Hand in hand the two crossed the line and then turned to embrace Lodwick and Quax. The four, remarkably fresh, danced a giddy victory lap around Hayward Field: two ministers, a doctor and a salesman for a New Zealand radio station, proving, as Shorter and Rodgers have done before, that in marathoning nice guys can finish first.

Quax' time of 2:11:13 confirmed him as a great talent at the distance should he continue marathoning. There is doubt of that only because New Zealand's selection system demands he break 2:13:30 *twice* to be considered for the Olympic team. "They don't want a good runner," he said. "They want a superman."

All an American need do to make the Olympic marathon is run 2:21:54 to qualify for—and then place in the top three—at the Olympic Trials next May in Buffalo. Fifty men ran under the Trials standard in Eugene, and 34 of them recorded personal bests, testament to a grand day and a continuing surge of excellence in U.S. marathoning. Atkins' fifth-place time was a splendid 2:11.52, and the depth of field was best illustrated by 36-year-old Olympic-steeplechaser Mike Manley, who ran 2:16:45 but finished 19th.

As his three runners celebrated their unprecedented team sweep of a major marathon, Athletics West Coach Harry Johnson admitted to some astonishment. "I thought they'd do well," he said, "but that their *next* race after this one—the Olympic Trials—would be the *real* eye-opener. I still believe that."

If so, that race in May will really be something to behold. **END**



SOME WILD AND KRAZY GUYS

They dress up as chickens, [illegible] names like Krazy George and Peanut Man, wear [illegible] wigs and throw voodoo hexes, but whatever it is with these "[illegible] fans [illegible]

by Bruce Newman

CONTI

It must have been 10:30 or 11 p.m. in San Diego when the porter with the mustache and the vacuum cleaner approached Ted Giannoulas and asked him to lift his feet so he could clean the floor. Giannoulas smiled weakly and took another slurp of 7-Up. Some of it dribbled down his chin. "There was a time once when *I* washed dishes and bused tables at a Howard Johnson's," he said. "I was also a boxboy at a supermarket, and I mopped floors, too." Giannoulas stared at the porter and then said, "I actually *did* those jobs."

His performance at the San Diego Sports Arena earlier that evening hadn't been one of his best, so he was truculent and, besides, he had a cold. Some disc jockeys at the radio station for which he worked had taken his customized van to Los Angeles for a rock concert, and the van had been filled with his props. "I don't know," he said. "Some days I wish I wasn't a Chicken."

At the time, Giannoulas had no way of knowing that within two months this idle wish would come true, that he would be summarily stripped of his feathers as the result of legal action taken by San Diego radio station KGB. His plucking came at a time when Giannoulas—the KGB Chicken—was riding the crest of a wave of popularity. His appearances at San Diego Padres home games, at hundreds of other San Diego sporting events, at concerts and at supermarket openings had helped keep KGB high in the ratings from 1974 to 1978. In one poll of Padre fans, 11% said they came to games just to see the KGB Chicken.

The Chicken is the most visible—and perhaps most risible—member of a subculture of professional mascots and bleacher creatures that has sprung up across the land. "Even Elvis had his imitators," the Chicken says. "Now there are geese, kangaroos, beavers—I guess I've really spawned something." Says Tubby Raymond, whose son Dave dresses up as the Phillie Phanatic at Veterans Stadium, "I used to be known as the Delaware football coach. Now I'm known as the father of a green transvestite."

The mascots, or cheerleaders, or whatever it is they are, have become an almost standard adjunct of the American sports scene, and the affection felt for the best of them is deep and abiding. Only a few sour notes have been sounded, including one by Montreal Pitcher Bill Lee, who, until the whatevers came along, had cornered the market on weirdness at the ball park. "It gives youth the wrong impression of baseball," Lee said. "All that irrelevant stuff like those Chickens. . . . It encourages kids to eat junk food at those fast-food chains and that'll kill 'em."

"Every cheer I do," insists Krazy George, "people yell. I just don't accept people not cheering. I say, 'If you don't yell, I'm gonna knock your teeth out!' That really *works*. I also tell people that if they can't cheer, 'Get out of the section!' People want to yell, they want to support their team."

Beneath his multihued wig, Rock 'n' Rollen (*above*) is bald; Krazy George (*below*) spent 11 years in college

The Peanut Man (*above*) has better control than some Dodger pitchers; Dancin' Harry isn't dancin' these days.

Krazy George is George Henderson, a 35-year-old former schoolteacher. For four years he taught electronics and shop at Buchser High School in Santa Clara, Calif., but cheerleading required his full-time attention. Besides, says George, "I'd have gone crazy if I'd stayed in teaching. I wasn't too effective as a classroom disciplinarian."

Krazy George has been a cheerleader for 11 years, though he has made money at it only for the last four. During that time he has flogged his tonsils for the Kansas City Chiefs, Houston Oilers and New Orleans Saints of the NFL, the British Columbia Lions of the Canadian Football League, the San Jose Earthquakes, Oakland Stompers, Dallas Tornado and Tampa Bay Rowdies of the NASL; and the Oakland Seals and Colorado Rockies of the NHL. He works all the home games of the Chiefs, Earthquakes and Lions, and 20 to 30 of the Rockies' games in Denver. He makes $500 to $1,500 an appearance.

At Rockies games, Krazy George doesn't merely lead cheers, he orchestrates them in the manner of, say, a malevolent Georg Solti. Once during a Rockies game Krazy George became so incensed at the McNichols Arena public-address announcer for interrupting him with messages about upcoming games that he incited his section to chant the ominous mantra "Shut up! Shut up!"—until the P.A. man was silenced.

Henderson was not always this way. He was, he says, painfully shy until he was almost 21. When he finally did find a comfortable place, the campus at San Jose State (he had previously spent three years at Napa College), he stayed for eight years. "I was brilliant," Henderson says. "You have to be brilliant to go to college for 11 years, which I did." He says that most of his years at San Jose State were almost totally devoted to the Spartan judo teams, at the time, the San Jose State squad had embarked upon its streak of consecutive national titles, which now stands at 18.

Henderson didn't go to many football games during his first six years in college, but with a drum, a quart of tequila and friend Don Bogden for company, he showed up at one of San Jose State's games in his seventh year. "Bogden had wanted to be a cheerleader all his life," George says, "so he would stand up and yell, 'Kill!' Then I'd stand up and yell, 'Kill!' and pretty soon we'd have a whole crowd of people gathered around us. Every once in a while I'd threaten somebody if they didn't yell 'Kill!' My eighth and ninth years in school I was an elected cheerleader, which meant nothing because I never worked with the squad. I just roamed around the stands beating my drum. I figure you can either do the routines they do, or you can get more people yelling. Cheerleaders—boy! They tell you to always look at the crowd and smile. I *never* smile. They tell you never to go into the stands, but I never work anywhere else. I want my people to see me sweat. And they teach cheerleaders to do all these incredibly complicated routines, which nobody can

continued

possibly remember. So none of my cheers is more than two words long."

An example of this is Krazy George's GO cheer, in which the sections in the arena successively yell the word GO. Two years ago he was leading the GO cheer during a game between the Rockies and the Montreal Canadiens, and as he recalls, "Each time that the cheer came around to the section where Montreal's bench was, the players stood up and shouted GO with the fans." The Canadiens won easily, and as they were skating off the ice, Defenseman Serge Savard beckoned to George and said, "You have more noise here than we have in Montreal during the playoffs." Then he handed George his stick and skated away. "The Canadiens are a classy team," says George, "but they are so ugly. Boy, have they got a lot of ugly players on that team."

The summer following their first season (1977), the Rockies conducted an informal survey in Denver's downtown shopping area, asking people if they could identify any of the team's players. "About 80% of them said they couldn't name any," says team P.R. Director Kevin O'Brien, "but they thought we had some wild-looking guy with curly blond hair who beat a drum. We didn't really have any players to promote, so we built George up to such an extent that he became our advertising vehicle."

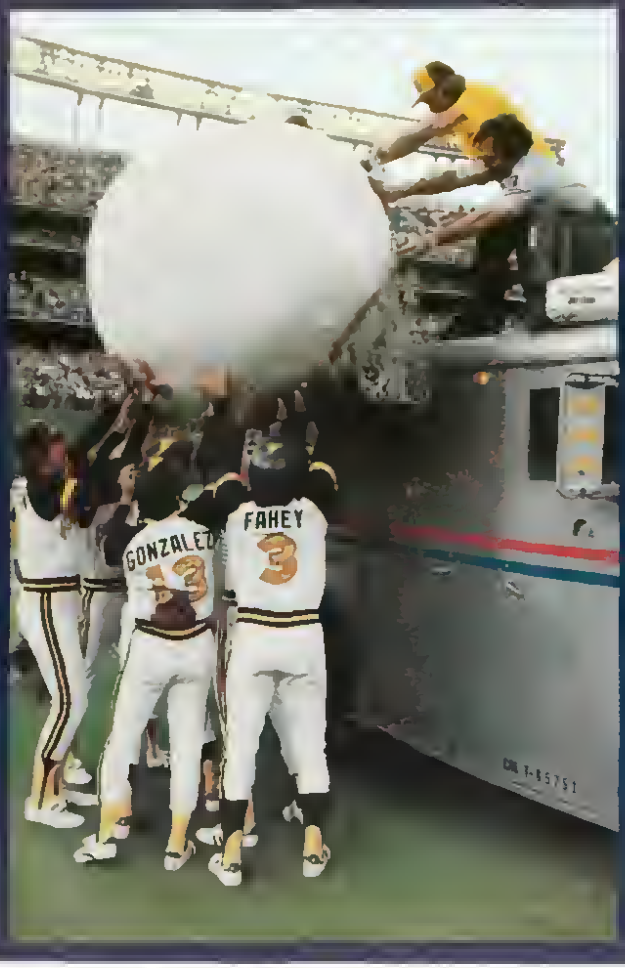
George's trademark is his entrance. At various times he has arrived at sporting events by ambulance, by helicopter, by chariot and by hang glider. "One time the guy who was towing the hang glider got going too fast, and he didn't stop when he was supposed to," recalls Krazy George. "So there I was, 40 feet in the air, and I came straight down and landed on the team that was waiting to be introduced. Fortunately, it was the visiting team. Turkeys."

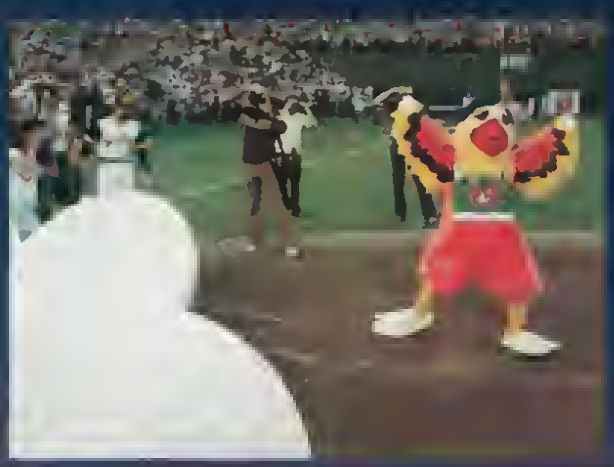
Andy Warhol once said, "In the future everybody will be world-famous for at least 15 minutes." By Warhol's clock, Rollen F. Stewart still has about 10 minutes of fame left in him. For 2½ years, Rock 'n' Rollen, as he bills himself, has been making unscheduled appearances—more than 60 by last count—on network sports telecasts. You've seen him. He's the guy with the rainbow-colored head and the boogie-woogie shoes.

When he isn't crashing sports events, Stewart, 34, can be found on an 80-acre, erstwhile rock ranch in Cle Elum, Wash. That's rock as in stone. Rollen used to sell his crop to local sand and gravel companies for crushing, and thus

continued

On the Chicken's return from his exile, the Padres made certain he would not have a great fall and then watched the great hatching.





"I was wondering if I could possibly borrow a cup of Johnnie Walker Black Label."

12 YEAR OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY SOMERSET IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y., N.Y.

The Chicken likes to make the officials feel right at home—when he's not biting their heads, that is. So, he graciously serves up a free shine for umpire Lee Weyer and a cool towel for NBA referee Ralph Lembo.

had the ideal no-work, all-pay business. This spring, the rocks ran out, so Stewart has been living off an inheritance and a few fees he has gotten for making appearances at stores and for promoting a beer.

Rock 'n' Rollen was born on New Year's Day 1977. "I was always Rock 'n' Rollen in my heart, I just didn't realize it," he says. "The colored-hair thing came to me in a Technicolor dream. It was like a vision. I think of myself as a prophet, and part of my mission is to tell the world to shape up."

Another part of his mission is a quest for the perfect closeup. "For the first six months my wife and I did this together," Stewart says, "then she moved to Hawaii, very suddenly." The breakup of this marriage, his second, followed, but Rock 'n' Rollen went on. "When I started doing this I decided I didn't want to be just a background shot—I wanted closeups. I wanted to become well known in the shortest period of time possible, so I was looking for shows with audiences of 50 or 60 million people. Most of those are sports shows.

"My record for getting on TV at national events is about 65–9. I always try to get to the arena early so I can check the camera locations and position myself properly. At the World Series I try to sit behind home plate, because that's where most of the shots are."

Although he has become a nuisance to cameramen and announcers, Rollen is popular with the crowds. "The people enjoy seeing me," Stewart says. "I have no fear walking down a street in New York or in Chavez Ravine at night because, hey, nobody knocks a rainbow. In Finland I'm known as the 'many-colored lid.' I'm Now, I'm Today. You can let me off on any street corner in the world, and somebody will come up to me and say, 'I've seen you somewhere.'

"I used to just get out the *TV Guide* and schedule my trips from that. Over a two-year period I've spent less than $15,000 in expenses and gotten about $5 million worth of prime-time exposure. The day after last year's World Series I watched all the news programs I could in Los Angeles and Seattle, and I saw myself 26 times. All right! I was trippin'.

"I'm never invited anywhere. I never have a ticket, and nobody ever knows I'm coming. The All-Star baseball game was the last national shot I got. And I did the solar eclipse in Seattle. I stood on a hill, and when people couldn't look at the sun anymore, they looked at my hair so they wouldn't hurt their eyes." The hair, by the way, is an Afro wig that Stewart has dyed with food coloring in skunklike stripes of purple, blue, green, yellow, orange, pink and red. Underneath, Rock 'n' Rollen is bald.

Stewart seldom is paid for his game appearances. In fact, there are many teams that would pay him to stay away. "He's not really welcome at our games," said Rick Welts while he was the Seattle SuperSonics' director of public relations. "We've had a lot of complaints from fans because he just goes wherever he can find a TV camera, and he doesn't care whose view of the game he blocks."

Rock 'n' Rollen considers such criticism part of the mountain he has to climb to become a legend. "You have to

continued

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pay your dues," he says. "Nobody makes it overnight. I want to go real fast, and I set high goals for myself. Superman is the number one hype right now, but my time will come. During one month I'll be on the cover of the seven major magazines, I'll be at the very height, the talk of the town. Then I'll come down very slowly. I'll be free to make five or six personal appearances a year, get into the 22% tax bracket. John Travolta and some of these people aren't able to handle it when they're hoisted up so fast. I'll handle it."

With the possible exception of Cracker Jack, no single item among all the goodies that Americans consume at sporting events is more closely identifiable with the ball park than peanuts. Not only do they taste good, but it's also nice to sit in the shade of the old ball yard shelling a bag of goobers—and knowing that some poor slob other than you is going to have to sweep up the mess.

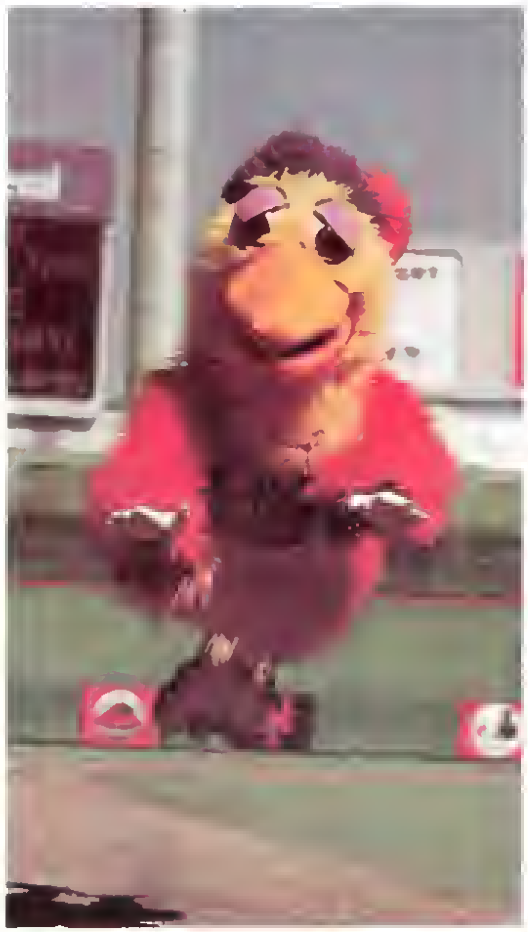
At Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, peanut eaters used to be able to buy a five-ounce bag of All American nuts for a quarter. Then inflation sent peanut vending into turmoil. Single bags replaced double bags. Double bags—containing considerably fewer peanuts than the old doubles—came back. Bags became progressively lighter, then suddenly heavier, and inside were Chipper's nuts instead of All American. The tab rose to 50¢.

If Bowie Kuhn kept changing the size and shape and weight of the baseball, where do you suppose most of the pitchers in the big leagues would be today? Selling insurance, that's where. But have the changes in the bags and nuts affected Roger Owens, Dodger Stadium's Peanut Man? Not one little bit. The Peanut Man just goes right on letting the bags fly—behind the back, under the leg, curvenut, knucklebag, changenut, fastnut, all the pitches that have kept him on top for 21 years.

You may have seen the Peanut Man. He taught Johnny Carson his between-the-legs shot on the *Tonight Show*. He has been on with Merv Griffin and Mike Douglas, thrown peanuts at a Jimmy Carter inauguration party in Washington and appeared as a celebrity judge on *The Gong Show* and *The $1.98 Beauty Show*, which are produced by Chuck Barris, who sits in the Peanut Man's section on the third-base side of the loge level. Los Angeles Mayor Tom Bradley also used to sit there when he was a city councilman; now Bradley sits at field level. When Owens was married in 1974, the mayor was at the wedding and, along with everybody else, threw peanuts instead of rice at the bride and groom.

"I can't get over all that's happened to me in the past few years, the way people treat me, like I was a celebrity," says Owens. "You keep asking yourself, as a peanut vendor how far can you go? Sometimes I have to look at a bag of peanuts to help me remember where I came from."

Where he came from was East Los Angeles. Owens, who is now 36, attended Manual Arts High School and played on the baseball team with Paul Blair, the outfielder now with the Cincinnati Reds. Owens was the oldest of nine children, all of whom grew up in a two-bedroom apartment. Owens' father is an ordained Baptist minister. Once, as four of his children looked on, the Rev. Owens was shot at point-blank range by two men whom he was trying to stop from harassing his daughter. After the police had arrived and apprehended the men, Owens discovered that some wadded-up religious tracts in his coat pocket had stopped the bullet, which lay spent at the bottom of the pocket.



Giannoulas refuses to be photographed out of costume

The Peanut Man began vending for the Dodgers in 1958, their first year in California. It wasn't until about 1964 that he started throwing bags of peanuts behind his back. At first he would toss them only as far as eight or 10 seats away, but these days he hums 'em as many as 40. Now he is so popular that the loge level is populated with long-time customers who won't sit anywhere else. "I've thought many times of moving down to the field-box level," says Jack Helber, a season-ticket holder, "but I don't do it because Roger's not there." When the Dodgers announced his engagement to Cindy Brazil—he had met her at the ball park four years before, when she was only 12 years old—the Peanut Man's fans bought the couple $1,000 worth of wedding gifts.

The great crisis in the Peanut Man's life occurred in 1975 when an ice-cream vendor, trying to imitate Owens, threw an ice-cream sandwich that skulled a woman. She filed a lawsuit against the Dodger concessionaire, and the team's

continued

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front office ordered that all throwing of food in the stands cease. "Roger's whole world collapsed around him," says Cindy. Finally, the angry letters to the Dodgers' front office became so insistent that Peter O'Malley, the club president, told Owens he could do his stuff again.

For the Peanut Man, there was nuttin' to it.

Marvin Cooper didn't give it so much as a thought that night in 1970 when he first did what became his *shtick* before a Baltimore Bullets crowd at the Civic Center. The game had been going along routinely when suddenly Cooper felt the music—not to mention a few beers—in him, and he stood up in the aisle and began to dance. The crowd was turned on. Rather than tossing him out on his ear, someone from the Bullets' front office approached Cooper and asked him if he would consider coming back another night and doing the same thing *all* over again. Cooper said yes.

As he became better known to Bullets fans, Cooper began to use the name Marvin Gaye—never mind that it was already being used by the *real* Marvin Gaye—to help promote a singing career he had going on the side. "I thought of using Dancing Marvin," Cooper says, "but that just didn't sound right." It wasn't until 1971 that Marvin Cooper became Dancin' Harry. "I was walking down the street with Gus Johnson of the Bullets," Harry says, "when a kid shouted, 'There goes Dancin' Harry.' I turned to look for this Dancin' Harry and Gus says, 'Hey, that's you.' "

Harry was such an avid Earl Monroe fan that when the Pearl was traded to the New York Knicks in 1971, Harry began commuting to New York to dance at Knick games. When the Knicks won the NBA championship in 1973, Harry became something of a sensation as their good-luck charm. But the dancing, even when embellished with huge hats, flashing lights and gold lamé capes, soon began to wear thin on the demanding New York fans. "There was this old guy who was my choreographer," Harry remembers. "We called him Old Timer, and he told me, 'You've got to do something besides dance—it's wearing off. Throw the voodoo on 'em.' I told him I couldn't do that, but eventually I did." Thus the whammy with which he hexed Knick opponents at critical moments.

For a while Harry was a minor celebrity. He endorsed a line of $4.99 basketball shoes. "I used to walk through the playgrounds and hear kids making fun of guys who were wearing Dancin' Harry shoes," he says. "You could hardly run in them without having them fall apart on your feet."

In truth, Harry didn't dance very well and his act became repetitious. With interest waning in New York, he went on the road, working assorted NBA playoffs and World Team Tennis matches. About three years ago the free tickets stopped, the invitations to perform stopped, and the sweet music that made Harry dance finally stopped. "One day the door kinda shut on me," he says. Nowadays he lives just outside Indianapolis, does an occasional bar mitzvah, hustles a little pool and works odd jobs when money is really tight.

Ted Giannoulas was attending a radio communications class at San Diego State in 1974 when a man who said he represented radio station KGB walked in and asked if anyone would like to work for the station as a Chicken as part of a promotional venture. Giannoulas was one of about six people who raised their hands, and he was surprised when he was the one selected for the job. KGB thought it would be a good idea to dress someone up in a Chicken suit and have him stand outside the zoo to give away Easter eggs. Giannoulas was chosen because, at 5′ 4″, he fit the suit. The station offered to pay him $2 an hour, and Giannoulas climbed into the costume.

"By my fourth day on the job," says Giannoulas, "I was sitting in the locker room they gave me at the Wild Animal Park, hanging my head, just looking at that heap of costume and those eggs. Finally, I said, 'I need money, but not this bad.' I made up my mind I was going to quit, but I decided to fulfill my obligation. At the end of two weeks the station massaged my ego, and I stayed." And then, at his own request, the Chicken went to a Padres game.

"When I first started this gig I wanted to do something that would reach the adults," Giannoulas says. "It would have been easy just to go for the kids, but in a furry costume, anybody could do that. I saw the Chicken as a visual comedian."

Rather than confining him to a narrow range of comedy, Giannoulas found that the Chicken costume liberated him. The Chicken, in fact, became his alter ego. He never took the suit off in public or allowed himself to be photographed without it on. "It would be great for my ego to be recognized out of the suit," he says, "but when I was growing up, I was fascinated with the Batman mystique and I wanted to create a character of my own. I didn't want people to think of the Chicken as a man in a costume. I don't want the person underneath to supersede the Chicken. I don't want them to say, 'Hi, Ted, how are you?' I want them to talk to the Chicken. There's no fear of rejection as the Chicken."

After four years of building what Giannoulas calls his "power base" in San Diego, the Chicken went on a road trip last season that took him to eight major league cities. "The Chicken's signature bit is the lifting of his leg on some authority figure," says Giannoulas, "so everywhere I went these dignified general managers would ask me to be sure to lift my leg on the ump."

When his odyssey took him to Philadelphia, he and the Phillie Phanatic staged an all-out battle for supremacy. The show staged by the Chicken his first night in Veterans Stadium so overwhelmed the game itself that the next day's local papers buried reports of the action between the Phillies and Padres beneath an orgy of Chicken commentary.

One of the first things the Chicken did that night in Philadelphia was pull up a chair alongside Mary Sue Styles, the blonde ball girl who for the past six years has been the queen of the Phils' foul lines. Dave Raymond, the Phillie Phanatic, recalls what happened next with a certain awe and incredulity. "He got out there where Mary Sue was sitting in the outfield," Raymond says, "and while he was talking to her, he kept moving closer and closer to where she was sitting. Then all of a sudden he did some things that weren't too family-oriented." Says Styles huffily, "Anyone but

continued

a Chicken would have gotten arrested."

The Chicken's best—and cleanest—bit came after the sixth inning, when he went out to run the bases. As Phillie Shortstop Larry Bowa fielded a practice grounder, the Chicken took off from second base, heading for third. Bowa played along by tossing the ball to Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, who tagged the Chicken as he dived headfirst into the bag à la Pete Rose. On the spur of the moment, Giannoulas decided to mimic TV's instant replays by walking slowly backward to where he had started his slide and then, in slow motion, diving once again into third. They are still talking about that bit in Philadelphia.

It was while Giannoulas was on tour with the Padres that Braves owner Ted Turner made his now-famous offer of $100,000 a year to get the Chicken to leave San Diego and come to Atlanta. "He told me that I'd never be nothing if I stayed in San Diego," Giannoulas says, "but that if I came to Atlanta, he would make me a big star. He also kept asking me if my name was really Ted, like he couldn't believe that we both had the same name. Then he pulled out one of his business cards and wrote 'To my pal, Ted' and he put a figure on it and told me to think it over."

During a three-day span, Turner's offer and the possibility of the Chicken's departure was front-page news in the San Diego papers and the subject of both print and TV editorials. When Giannoulas finally called Turner to tell him he had decided to stay put, Turner was stunned. He told Giannoulas he had planned to give him an office "right next to Hank Aaron's." But Giannoulas wouldn't budge, and when the announcement was made that night at the Padres game, the players rushed onto the field and hoisted him on their shoulders.

KGB raised Giannoulas' salary from $25,000 to $50,000 a year, and Padre owner Ray Kroc chipped in a $10,000 bonus. With more than a hundred out-of-town appearances lined up for this summer, Giannoulas found himself in position to make close to $100,000. But this prosperity was also the beginning of the end for the original Chicken.

Giannoulas had enjoyed the attention he had received out of town, and he was eager for more. Secretly, he began to plot a way to free the Chicken from what he felt was a petty requirement by the station: that he wear his KGB vest even when he appeared outside the station's broadcast area. Even before he was fired in May for appearing at an NBA playoff game in Seattle without the call letters on the vest, Giannoulas had boasted to friends that he had bought the copyright for the Chicken costume from Alinco Products of Salt Lake City—and that soon he would be a free bird.

It wasn't going to be that easy. KGB fired Giannoulas soon after his Seattle appearance, sued him for $250,000 and got an injunction prohibiting him from performing in the Chicken suit in four Southern California counties and at any game involving a San Diego team until the case comes to trial. The station then enlisted a young employee named Paul Sansone to replace Giannoulas in the suit. "The public responds to the KGB Chicken," said station program director Rick Leibert, "not the man who wears the costume." But the people of San Diego didn't buy it. Many of the 43,142 fans at the May 11 Mets-Padres game booed the new Chicken's debut during a 15-second skit. And the station was apparently not as cocksure as it had proclaimed: it gave Sansone a bulletproof vest to wear for the evening.

KGB soon was under attack from all sides. One employee wrote to *The San Diego Union*, "KGB employees have been threatened with violence and death. Cars in the parking lot have had their tires slashed and security at the station has been beefed up. Bomb threats are a daily occurrence ... history will prove that KGB radio is not the real culprit in this Chicken affair. Ted Giannoulas suffers from a Christ complex. As the Chicken, no one will ever be able to replace him. As a human being, KGB radio is better off without him. ..."

Giannoulas, meanwhile, had hatched a scheme to cash in on his new notoriety and to test the limits of the court order against him. On June 29 at a Padres-Astros game, Giannoulas "reincarnated" the Chicken in what may have been the most talked-about birth since Lucille Ball had little Ricky while an anxious nation of TV watchers paced their living-room floors. The Padres agreed to give Giannoulas a piece of the gate and then giddily watched 47,022 fans pour into San Diego Stadium. The start of the night's game was delayed 41 minutes to accommodate the spectacle.

Legally enjoined from calling himself a "chicken," Giannoulas cleverly decided not to give his new creation a name. If his audience chose to call him the Chicken, there was nothing he could do about it. Whatever this new creature was, it entered the playing field encased in a large Styrofoam egg atop an armored truck and escorted by two motorcycle officers from the California Highway Patrol. The egg was lifted carefully from the truck by some Padre players and placed near third base, where it began to roll about spasmodically. Then Giannoulas burst through the shell in his new costume to Richard Strauss' *Thus Spake Zarathustra.*

Giannoulas had tried to diminish the importance of his old costume before the unveiling of the new one, repeatedly asserting that it was his personality that made the act funny. "There's nothing magical about the Chicken suit," he said. "You don't buy a bottle of wine for the container, but for the liquid inside." Still, there was something decidedly less plucky-looking about the new bird, less engaging. KGB, however, thought the new outfit looked too much like the old one, and it subpoenaed Giannoulas on a contempt-of-court charge. The station later dropped that action, after it and the other legal moves against Giannoulas had all but destroyed KGB's standing in San Diego. "We've really taken a beating over this," says KGB General Manager Jim Price. "But now the threats have died down. We knew it would take time for the furor to cease."

Giannoulas continued the act, though there is a latent sadness about him now, an air of cynicism that wasn't there before. His father died at the height of the furor in May, and his friend Ralph Haberman, who had been his assistant almost from the beginning, stayed on at the radio station when Giannoulas was fired. "He sold me out," Giannoulas says. "At the time when I needed a John Wayne figure beside me, I turned around and found Eddie Haskell." END

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Reminiscence

by BUD COLLINS

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT: ABBIE DIDN T COME TO HIS BRANDEIS TENNIS REUNION

Abbie lived up to his reputation: he was missing. We couldn't reach him, but that only put us in a class with the FBI. Of course, it isn't that easy to send an invitation to a guy who's gone underground. Is there a post-office box for subterraneans?

I guess it was too much to expect that our favorite fugitive, Abbie Hoffman, would look at his calendar and realize his old coach and teammates would be celebrating the 20th anniversary of our sort of championship season.

Abbie, I'm sure you remember the spring of '59 when you played No. 2 singles for the only unbeaten team Brandeis University had ever had. Well, Abbie—wherever you are—the old Brandeis gang got together once again during the U.S. Open at Flushing Meadow, and we would love to have seen you . . in whatever disguise. We know that you've got a record and that you're on the lam, but it wouldn't have mattered. You're one of us, Abbie, and we wouldn't have ratted on you no matter what, even if the FBI had threatened to put tarantulas in our sneakers.

Coaches are expected to build character, but must I take all the credit for one of the greatest characters to emerge from American sport? Surely only partial acclaim is due me, because I inherited Abbie in his senior year of 1959 when I became the tennis coach at Brandeis. Waltham, Mass., the site of the Brandeis campus, is better known for clocks than cuckoos, but Abbie might have changed all that if he'd stuck around a few more years.

Of course, you remember Abbie, the bushy-haired radical of the 1960s who led the Yippie Party and championed their candidate for President in '68, one Pigasus of porcine persuasion. Considering what we got in that election, Pigasus might not have looked too bad bellying up to the trough in the White House. Abbie was a defendant in the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial following the upheaval during the Democratic National Convention in 1968, and he wrote *Steal This Book* and *Revolution for the Hell of It*. He subsequently got into real bad trouble; he was nabbed on a drug rap, which earned him a high ranking from the FBI. Thus, five years ago, he plunged into the depths of address unknown. But we know he's out there somewhere, because he frequently uses clandestine interviews to address those of us above ground.

While Abbie has been awarded a scarlet F (for fugitive) by the Feds, he was merely a wearer of the blue B (for Brandeis) when Athletic Director Benny Friedman asked me to take over the tennis team. It had been an informal operation—there hadn't even been a coach—before I began moonlighting from my job as a sportswriter in nearby Boston. Coaching tennis at Brandeis for 2½ months paid $200, plus all the sweatsox my roommates and I could wear, and set me up not only as a resident character builder but also as housemother, transportation officer, custodian of jockstraps, psychiatrist ("Try to build a meaningful relationship with your doubles partner") and minister of protocol ("Do not show up in black sneakers again, please").

Of course, I was also supposed to instruct the players in the finer points of tennis, as in:

"Get your first serve in. . . ."

"Play his backhand. . . ."

"At least get your second serve in!"

"Don't you know which side his backhand is?"

Abbie, however, knew all these things. That helped. We weren't playing big-time (or even medium-time) tennis, but I couldn't have asked for a better season. Six opponents were on the schedule, and we beat them all. None of them—Tufts, Babson and Merrimack were the toughest—could have taken a set from the UCLA kitchen help, yet a win is a win is a win, as Stein used to say—Morry Stein, the Brandeis fullback of that time.

Abbie Hoffman was extremely useful during the defeatless campaign. I've always felt that we couldn't have done it without him, a sentiment seconded by the Chicago Police Department in 1968 after Abbie and his crowd inspired the Windy City's finest to unloose their best overhead smashes.

Stocky, nimble and highly competitive, Abbie won all his singles matches, which was a good thing, because he and I got along as well as he and Judge Julius Hoffman did during Abbie's trial alongside Jerry Rubin, Rennie Davis and the rest of the Chicago Seven. He didn't care for authority of any kind. As the only senior, Abbie informed me he'd been elected captain by the previous year's team and was in charge. I replied that the coach was in charge. Everybody started equal—no captain. That infuriated him. He seethed all spring, and we communicated warmly through sneers. But communication was unnecessary because he also seethed at opponents and beat them one after another, more by the strength of his determination than his strokes. Sadly, I must tell you there was nothing revolutionary about Abbie's style. If anything (sorry to reveal this, Abbie), he bordered on the reactionary, believing that every ball should be returned safely over the net. He played like a cop—Inspector Javert?—doggedly pursuing everything.

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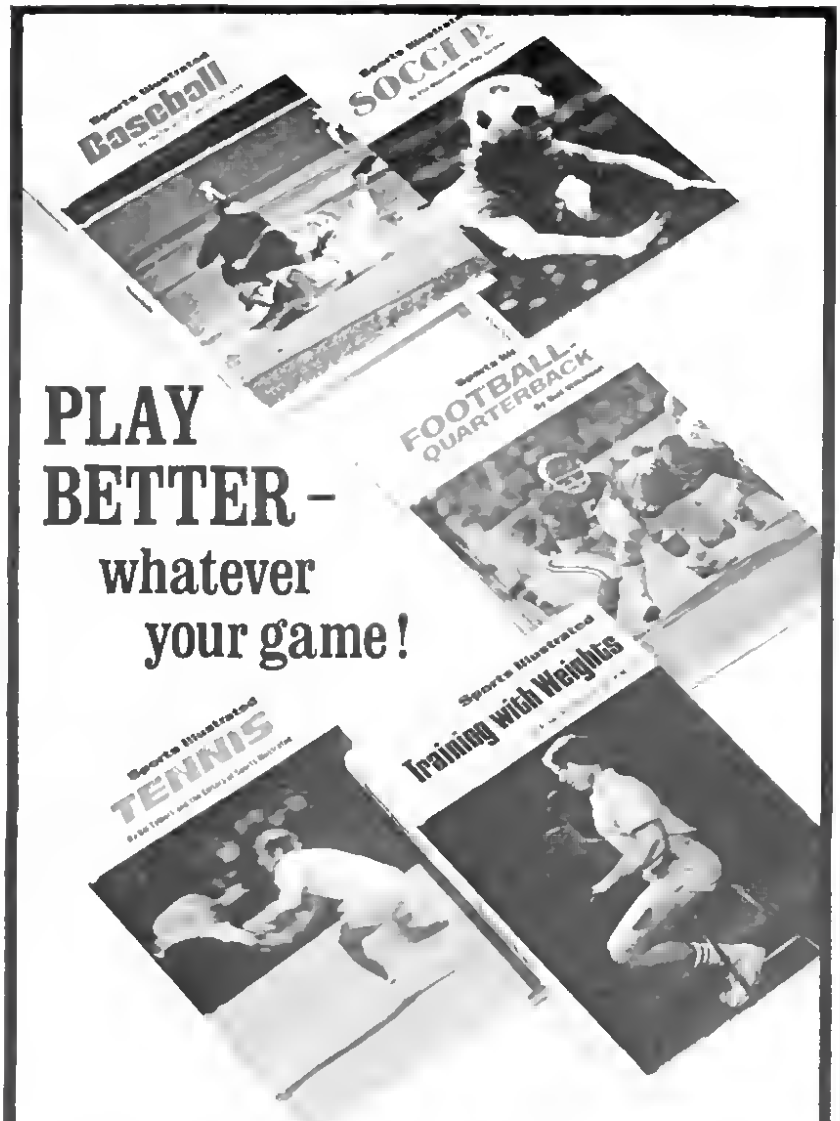

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It worked, and the coach was pleased. How could I know then that his training on the playing fields of Brandeis would carry over onto the battlefields of Chicago? The Duke of Wellington would have understood.

If Abbie had showed at the team reunion, the guys would have filled him in on the seasons following his graduation. Our situation improved. Though we didn't go unbeaten again, we won more matches each year as the schedule expanded, interest increased and the school furnished more courts and better equipment. Moreover, we began to take prestigious season-opening junkets, known in college sports as "Southern trips."

Ah, those Southern trips. A seeker of palm trees and grits may be disappointed upon arriving in New Brunswick, N.J. We were when they appeared on neither the horizon nor the menu as we explored the Rutgers campus at the climax of one of those glorious journeys southward. New Brunswick was as south as we got.

"Some southern exposure," moaned Alan Lotterman, a New Yorker. "I could almost get here from home by subway, Coach. Harvard and Princeton go to Florida. MIT goes to the Carolinas. Amherst goes to. . . ."

"We're making progress, Lotterman," said I. "At least you won't get sunstroke. It's 3° warmer here than in Waltham, and we're closer to the Mason-Dixon Line than we were on our last stops, aren't we?" They had been Kings Point, N.Y. and Rutherford, N.J., where we had defeated the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy and Fairleigh Dickinson, respectively. "It's progress, Lotterman."

Mike London, seeking to be conciliatory (and recognizing my power as keeper of the lunch money) soothed his teammate. "Yeah, Lotterman, it's better than the trip we took to Maine two years ago, when we got snowed out at Bowdoin and Colby."

Snow-outs were not a problem encountered by Arthur Ashe and Jimmy Connors when they played for UCLA or by John McEnroe when he was at Stanford. But that's the big time. When you're in the smallest time, struggling to get through a college tennis schedule during March, April and May in the Northeast, such impediments are routine. A chance to tour even a few miles south of the

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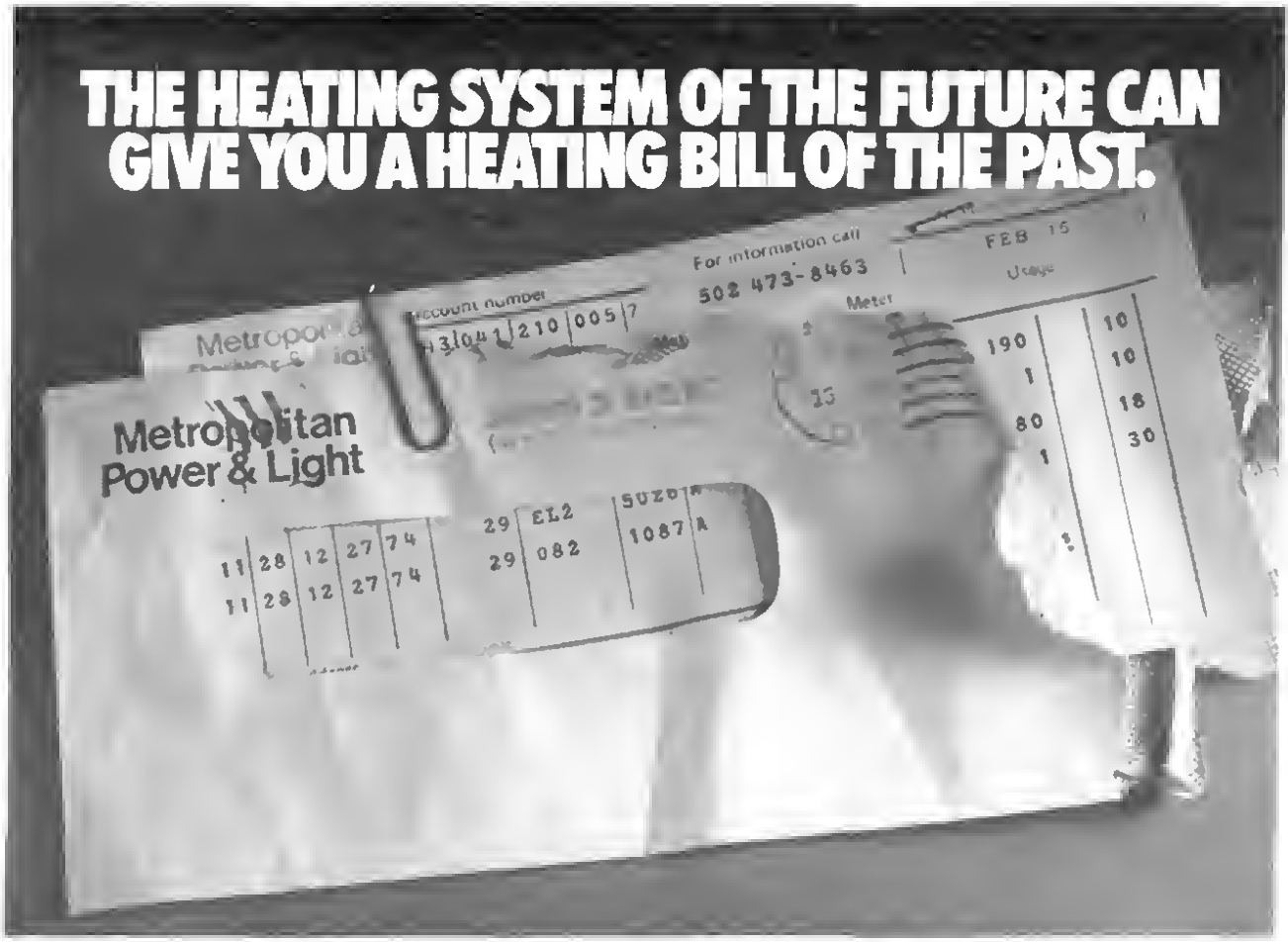

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Gowanus Canal was not to be scorned.

Abbie Hoffman would appreciate that life on the road isn't always as glamorous as it might be, but the main idea is to keep on the move—and out of reach. Abbie may have become the most famous of our movers at Brandeis, but he wasn't the only one.

There was Jacques, a lefthanded French exchange student, who was nearly as scarce then as Abbie has been lately. After he was thrown out of school, we learned he'd spent most of his time hibernating in girls' dormitories—not a bad tactic, considering the gelid springtimes of Waltham.

Another person frequently missing from practice was Steve Reiner, whom we called Farouk because he was a wealthy bon vivant. He conned me for a while by saying he had a five o'clock lab he had to attend, but I soon learned that his five o'clock lab was held at Rockingham Park, a racetrack.

At least I could depend on King Kong Cohen, who weighed 102 pounds and always had sore feet, to show up for workouts. He always did his best. He made the team and tried to live for weeks on the lunch money I handed out on trips. Kong's feet ached because he wore sneakers with lots of holes in the soles.

"Jeez, Kong," I shouted at him through the wire fence enclosing the court, "get going! You can't stop in the middle of a match." He was sitting on the steaming asphalt court, wincing and rearranging the remains of his shoes with bicycle tape. His opponent stood there, fuming. Kong's feet must have been broiled. I motioned him to the fence. "Why aren't you wearing the shoes we issued you instead of those rags?"

"The new shoes?" His voice was faint.

"Yes, like everybody else."

"They're too nice. I'm saving them."

"For the senior prom? You'd better have them on at the next match."

Regretfully, but dutifully, Cohen wore his new shoes for the subsequent match. His feet glistened.

"Better?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I hate to wear them. They'll just get dirty and wear out."

"Accept and enjoy," I urged.

We enjoyed most of the time, although Artie suffered even when he won. You've heard of enforcers, the intimidating guys who police ruffians on the other side. We had an enforcer, too, but the guy he had to keep in line was his doubles partner, Artie. Artie always quit when he got behind, so I paired him with Paul McKinnon, who was on the football team. "The first time Artie complains and slows down, I want you to flatten him," I told Paul. I outlined the strategy to Artie, who said, "Are you kidding?" "McKinnon will let you know, Artie," I said. They never lost.

And, of course, we had Salvatore Sciiavo-Campo, who lived only to hit grandiose shots—regardless of where they went. "Anybody can keep the ball in play," he said. "That's no fun." And there was Noah, the player who never played on the Sabbath. Because he was Jewish meant he would not raise a racket on Saturday. But each of our matches was on Saturday, so Noah never competed. I asked him why he had tried out when he couldn't play. "I thought it would be fun to see if I could make the team," he said. "I never thought I would be able to do it."

But Abbie Hoffman always showed up to play, and he always hustled. And he always won in the spring of '59. He wasn't the best player I had in my five seasons as coach, but he certainly has gone on to be the most celebrated. I'd like to see him again, and so would the guys he played with. Maybe if we had held the reunion in a nearby church, the FBI would have honored the sanctuary principle for a couple of hours and allowed Abbie to join us and celebrate his athletic anniversary.

Perhaps Abbie is still playing, if there are tennis courts underground. A classmate, Lynn Elgart, delivered a damning reminiscence of Abbie just before he disappeared. "I ran into him at a tennis club," she said, "and what a letdown. There was Abbie, the great antiestablishmentarian, and he was in white from head to toe. I couldn't believe a revolutionary would be so conventionally dressed. It was like he'd sold out to the middle class."

I'm more charitable about that. Nobody's perfect. In the old days at Brandeis I was a stickler for white court attire and I might have given Abbie some sartorial character. Or perhaps he was practicing hiding out, preparing himself to melt into straight America in snow-white tennis clothes. **END**

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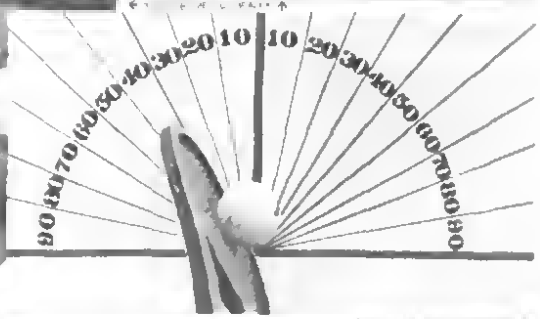

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Pappy McCoy, Railroad Surveyor, Chicago & Ouray Railroad

The Bettmann Archive Inc

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As I Did It

by CRAIG MITCHELL

HOW TO BE FIRST AT YOUR CLUB WITH A FASCINATING ITEM OF GOLF TRIVIA

I've forgotten what tournament it was, but Dad was working the scoreboard as usual. And this little guy was bugging him. The little guy was trying to prove how much he knew about the history and lore of golf. Dad would edge away from him, take some scorecards, post them and move as far away as he could. But the little guy would move, too, and would come up with some bit of golf lore like "Hey, Frank, did you ever hear about Sarazen's double eagle?"

"Yeah. I was there. I saw it." Dad shrugged and moved away again. I knew he hadn't really been there and seen it, though from the time I was a little kid, he'd told me about *it*. Gene Sarazen was one of Dad's heroes—and one of his good friends, too.

"Hey, Frank, did you hear about the time Hagen . . ?"

Finally, Dad blew his cool. He turned on his tormentor and demanded, "You think you know so much about golf, I bet you don't even know who invented the head cover!"

The little guy looked blank and eager at the same time. He was about to learn a fascinating bit of trivia he could impress his friends with in the locker room next Sunday.

"No, Frank, who did?"

Dad raised himself to his full 6' 2", pointed his big cigar at the little guy and thundered, "I did!"

I ducked behind the scoreboard and rolled over, laughing until I ached. It was one of the greatest put-downs I'd ever seen.

That night at dinner I was still laughing about it. I asked Dad, "Who really did invent head covers?"

He stared at me in disbelief that his own son should ask such a question. "*I* did. Of course."

Of course.

Then I remembered the thumbless mittens I used to wear to school in the '30s. They looked like regular mittens, made of red or brown leather with a knitted elastic band. They always seemed too small and usually they didn't match. But the worst thing about them was—no thumbs. At the time, I never questioned why everybody else had thumbs in their mittens and I didn't. During the Depression, if your hands were warm, you didn't question how they got that way. I used to brag about how I could wear my mittens on either hand while the other guys couldn't. However, there were also drawbacks to being thumbless: it was hard to pack a good snowball while wearing those mittens.

Dad was a traveling salesman, a manufacturer's rep, selling Kroydon golf clubs, Slazenger tennis rackets and a variety of other lines through upstate New York. In those days, before the invention of high-impact plastics, wooden-headed golf clubs were finished with several coats of shellac to make them nice and shiny. But the shellac chipped easily, and when clubs were knocked together they quickly acquired a gray band around the top of the head. Definitely not the thing for samples you wanted to display in the pro shop. Manufacturers used to package the woods with flimsy white cloth socks hardly more durable than gauze, and though they were good protection against dust, the socks were not very effective against a hard blow.

Gloversville, N.Y., as the name implies, is pretty much the glove capital of the U.S., and they manufacture just about any kind of hand covering you could want there. So when Dad's great idea struck, he waited until the next time he traveled through Gloversville and sought out a mitten maker. When he described what he wanted—about two dozen children's mittens made without the thumbs—the mitten maker looked puzzled.

"How many children do you have, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Four," my father answered, looking equally puzzled, "but what does that have to do with it?"

The mitten maker shook his head sadly. "Don't any of them have thumbs?"

A few weeks later the made-to-order mittens were delivered. Dad slipped them over all his sample woods, tossed the clubs into the back of his old Pierce-Arrow and drove on about his business. The mittens worked beautifully. The leather outer shell cushioned the impact when the clubs banged together in the car, and the flannel lining kept the shellac highly polished. Dad's samples never looked better.

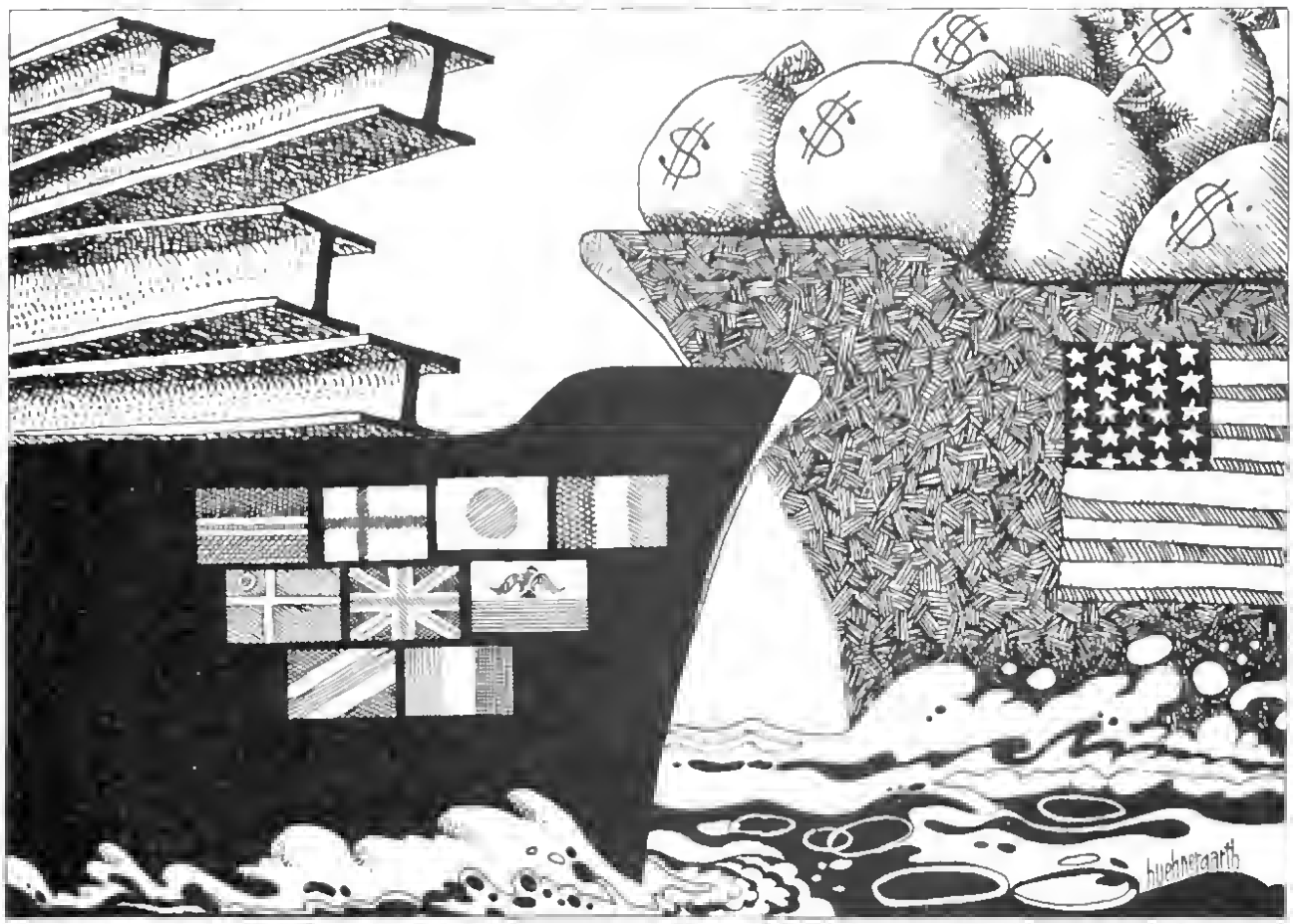
But club heads didn't get banged up just in a car; they fared even worse when a caddie carried them clattering down the fairway. Or when he ran to spot Dad's roundhouse hook as it sailed up over the out-of-bounds fence on the right, then curled back to land in the middle of the fairway. Or when he dropped the bag beside the green to pull the pin. Under such treatment it only took a month or two for each wood to develop that grungy band of gray across its top. So in another flash of inspiration, Dad figured that if thumbless mittens worked in the car, why not on the course? They would protect his clubs from almost anything a caddie could do with them, including swinging at bottle caps while waiting at the next tee.

The first Sunday morning that he showed up at the Auburn (N.Y.) Country Club with the mittens on his club heads, at least half a dozen members asked where they could get them for their clubs. A few weeks later, all the *real* golfers in Auburn were sporting thumbless mittens on their woods. In fact, one of them—his name long since forgotten—christened them Mitchell's Mittens. Pretty soon they were quite common around most New York golf courses, so Dad, ever the salesman, had to come up with something new. The next season he put numbers on his Mitchell's Mittens. Because this was just when golfers were getting away from drivers, brassies, spoons and cleeks, and moving to the new numbered irons and woods, Dad was right on top of the trend.

But while Dad could spot a market a mile away, there was one little thing he overlooked. He never tried to patent Mitchell's Mittens. He was happy just selling them. The idea quickly spread, and when World War II was over, it seemed that every manufacturer in the country was selling "head covers." By that time, Dad realized what he had missed, but it was too late to apply for a patent.

The golf-club head cover is sort of like the peaked cap or the ice cream cone. You never stop to think that somebody had to invent the first one. Whenever I see an item like that, I wonder what the inventor's kids had to suffer through while it was being perfected. If they think they had problems, how about me with no thumbs? **END**

Is America getting trapped by foreign steel as it is by foreign oil?



Last year foreign steelmakers shipped an all-time record of 21.1 million tons of steel to our shores. And our nation's trade deficit in steel was more than $5½ *billion!* (Only America's trade deficit in oil was larger.)

But the worst is yet to come. By 1985, unless we soon start expanding our domestic steelmaking capacity, 25 to 30 million tons of steel imports could be entering the U.S. market annually. That would mean an outflow of $12 to $15 *billion* a year—and a huge increase in our steel trade deficit

What's needed to *reduce* America's trade deficit in steel? Governmental policies that will allow the American steel industry to generate the additional funds needed to modernize and expand.

Bethlehem

Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 3-9

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BOXING—PARK CHAN-HEE of South Korea retained his WBC flyweight title in a 15-round draw with former champion Miguel Canto of Mexico, in Seoul, South Korea.

PRO FOOTBALL—The New England Patriots established a club scoring record and amassed 597 yards in total offense while demolishing the New York Jets 56–3. Quarterback Steve Grogan passed for 315 yards and five touchdowns—three of them to Wide Receiver Harold Jackson—as the Pats bounced back from an emotional 16–13 overtime loss to Pittsburgh. In Denver, Linebacker Jack Reynolds picked up a Craig Morton fumble and staggered four yards for the decisive score as Los Angeles defeated the Broncos 13–9. Buffalo Running Back Roland Hooks carried the ball only four times in the second half of the Bills' game with Cincinnati, but scored four touchdowns to pace the Bills in a 51–24 rout of the Bengals. Walter Payton ran for touchdowns of 43 and 26 yards and reserve Quarterback Vince Evans tossed a 56-yard TD to James Scott as the Bears whipped the Vikings 26–7. In Milwaukee, rookie Steve Atkins scored on a two-yard run in the third quarter to give the Packers a 28–19 victory over New Orleans. Another rookie, St. Louis' Ottis Anderson, became only the fourth rookie in NFL history to rush for 100 yards in his first two games. Anderson gained 109 yards on 31 carries in leading the Cardinals to a 27–14 win over the Giants. Given a second chance, Mark Moseley kicked a field goal from 41 yards with eight seconds left to give Washington a 27–24 victory over Detroit. Moseley had missed a 46-yard attempt seconds earlier but got another boot from five yards closer when the Lions were penalized for having too many men on the field. Tampa Bay won a 29–26 overtime thriller over Baltimore, as Neil O'Donoghue kicked a 31-yard field goal 1:41 into the extra period. In Kansas City, Brian Sipe fired a 21-yard scoring pass to Reggie Rucker with 52 seconds left to lift the Browns past the Chiefs 27–24 and spoil the debut of Kansas City's rookie quarterback, Steve Fuller. The Clemson graduate replaced Mike Livingston in the second quarter and rallied the Chiefs from a 17–0 deficit into a 24–20 lead. Dallas dampened the return of the 49ers' O. J. Simpson by defeating San Francisco 21–13. Simpson, who missed the entire preseason because of a knee injury and the death of his infant daughter, rushed for 43 yards on 14 carries, but Roger Staubach pessed for 259 yards and threw touchdowns to Drew Pearson and Billy Joe DuPree. Dan Fouts had three touchdown passes and Linebacker Woodrow Lowe returned a Ken Stabler pass 32 yards for a score as San Diego beat Oakland 30–10. In Miami, Norm Bulaich scored the decisive touchdown on a seven-yard pass from Bob Griese as the Dolphins beat Seattle 19–10. In Pittsburgh, the Steelers crushed the Houston Oilers 38–7 (page 26).

GOLF—LOU GRAHAM shot a final-round, two-under-par 69 for a 72-hole total of 275 to win the $250,000 American Optical Classic at Sutton, Mass. by one stroke over Ben Crenshaw.

JO ANN WASHAM made a 15-foot birdie putt on the final hole to win the $100,000 LPGA Rail Charity Classic in Springfield, Ill. by a stroke over Silvia Bertolaccini. Washam shot a final-round, five-under-par 67 for a 72-hole total of 275.

HORSE RACING—SPECTACULAR BID ($3), ridden by Bill Shoemaker, won the $300,000 Marlboro Cup at Belmont by five lengths over General Assembly. The 3-year-old's time for the 1⅛ miles was 1:46⅘ (page 24).

MARATHON—TONY SANDOVAL and JEFF WELLS of the Athletics West Club won the Nike/Oregon Track Club Marathon in Eugene, Ore. over a field of 1,000 runners with a time of 2:10:20. Joan Benoit, in 2:35:40, was the top woman finisher (page 56).

MOTOR SPORTS—DAVID PEARSON won the $250,000 Southern 500 NASCAR race in Darlington, S.C. by almost two laps over Bill Elliott in a Mercury. Pearson, who drove a Chevrolet Monte Carlo, averaged 126.259 mph over the 1,366-mile Darlington International Raceway course.

JODY SCHECKTER of South Africa averaged 131.8 mph in his Ferrari to win the Italian Grand Prix in Monza and clinch the World Formula I driving championship. Scheckter completed the 3.59-mile circuit in 1:22:00.22, .47 of a second ahead of Ferrari teammate Gilles Villeneuve of Canada.

SOCCER—NASL Trevor Whymark scored a pair of goals, including the game-winner at 59:37, to give the Vancouver Whitecaps a 2–1 victory over Tampa Bay in Soccer Bowl-79 in East Rutherford, N.J. and the North American Soccer League title (page 34).

ASL Sacramento and Columbus advanced to the playoff final, which will be held in Columbus. The Gold won the Western Division title, upsetting the California Sunshine 1–0 on Trevor Dawkins' goal at 82:00. Columbus got a score from Phil Hubbard on the sixth round of penalty kicks to give the Magic a 2–1 overtime victory over Pennsylvania and the Eastern title.

SWIMMING—CYNTHIA WOODHEAD of Riverside, Calif. established a world record in the 200-meter freestyle, covering the distance in 1:58.23 at the World Cup Championships in Tokyo. Her time was .2 of a second faster than the mark she set last July.

TENNIS—JOHN McENROE defeated Vitas Gerulaitis 7–5, 6–3, 6–3 to win the men's singles championship at the U.S. Open tournament in Flushing, N.Y. TRACY AUSTIN defeated Chris Evert Lloyd 6–4, 6–3 to win the women's title (page 18).

TRACK & FIELD—STEVE OVETT of Great Britain ran the second-fastest 1,500-meter race ever, covering the distance in 3:32.2 at the Ivo Van Damme Memorial meet in Brussels. The time is .1 of a second off the record set by Sebastian Coe in Zurich last month.

MILEPOSTS—ANNOUNCED: By the University of South Carolina Board of Trustees, the decision to replace basketball Coach Frank McGuire, 65, at the end of the 1979-80 season. In 15 years McGuire has guided the Gamecocks to a 267–131 record and, before the school became an independent in 1971, one Atlantic Coast Conference title. McGuire was 103–35 in five years at St. John's and also coached the University of North Carolina to a 164–58 record and one NCAA championship in nine years, and the NBA Philadelphia Warriors to a 49–31 mark in the 1961-62 season.

DISPATCHED: By the NBA Boston Celtics, 6'9" Forward-Center BOB McADOO, 27, to the Detroit Pistons in exchange for two 1980 first-round draft choices and in compensation for 6'6" Forward M. L. Carr, 28, whom the Celtics signed as a free agent in July. McAdoo averaged 24.8 points per game last season with the Celtics and the Knicks.

FIRED: JOE ALTOBELLI, 47, as manager of the San Francisco Giants. Altobelli, who took over the Giants in 1977, was named Manager of the Year last season after leading the team to a surprising third-place finish in the National League West. This season, however, the Giants (63–80) are in fourth place, 18 games out of first. DAVE BRISTOL, 46, was named interim manager.

HIRED: BERNIE (Boom-Boom) GEOFFRION, 48, as coach of the Montreal Canadiens, replacing Scotty Bowman, who resigned in June to become general manager and coach of the Buffalo Sabres. Geoffrion scored 393 goals in a 16-year playing career with Montreal and the New York Rangers and had a 99–110–42 record as a coach with Atlanta (1972-75) and the Rangers (1968-69).

RESIGNED: MARKO VALOK, 52, as coach of the NASL Philadelphia Fury. In one season Valok guided the Fury to the American Conference semifinals and a 10–20–1 record.

SIGNED: ANN MEYERS, 24, a four-time All-America forward at UCLA and a member of the 1976 U.S. Olympic women's basketball team, to a one-year, $50,000 contract by the Indiana Pacers. She is the first woman ever signed to try out for an NBA club.

DIED: MICHAEL PEPPE, 81, swimming and diving coach at Ohio State from 1931 to 1963, of cancer; in Columbus, Ohio. A member of the Swimming Hall of Fame, Peppe guided the Buckeyes to 11 NCAA and 12 Big Ten titles in 33 years. His 1938 squad also was the first collegiate team to win the AAU championship. Before Big Ten squads were barred from AAU team competition in 1953, Peppe led Ohio State to six indoor and four outdoor AAU titles.

CREDITS

4—Robert Hagedohm. 18,19—Dan Balliotti (left), Co Rentmeester. 23,21—Walter Iooss Jr. 24—Tony Triolo. 25—Frank White. 26,27—Heinz Kluetmeier. 28—Heinz Kluetmeier (2). James Drake (bottom). 32—The Bettmann Archive. 30—Heinz Kluetmeier. 54—Will McIntyre. 56—Brian Lanker. 62,63—Richard Mackson. 64—Robert Hagedohm (top); Carl Iwasaki. 65—Richard Mackson (top); Hal Stoelzle. 66-70—Richard Mackson. 38—Ensminger Studio (2).

FACES IN THE CROWD

MARSHA GRONDZIAK
INDIANAPOLIS

Marsha, 10, won five events at the Indiana AAU age-group swimming championships in Columbus: the 50-meter freestyle (32.25), 100 free (1:10.12), 200 free (2:30.50), 100 butterfly (1:21.11) and 200 IM (2:52.51).

JENNY VERES
NOVELTY, OHIO

Jenny, a 14-year-old pitcher, led the Royal Blue Wildcats to a 12–2 record and their second consecutive West Geauga Junior High League softball title. She had an 11–1 record, pitched four shutouts and hit .667 while knocking in 23 runs.

DAVE PASANELLA
PARADISE VALLEY, ARIZ.

Dave, 17, won the 220-pound class at the state high school power-lifting championships in Scottsdale with a total of 1,460 pounds. The Paradise Valley High linebacker and fullback squatted 575 pounds, dead-lifted 545 and bench-pressed 340.

JOHN ROGERS
MORGAN CITY, LA.

Rogers, a 44-year-old high school math teacher, set a city bowling record for three games when he rolled an 804 series for D D 's Food Mart of the Jambalaya League. Last winter he averaged 223 and led D D 's to the league championship.

BRENT MILLIGAN
LOYSVILLE, PA.

TIM RICE
LANDISBURG, PA.

Brent, 17, and Tim, 16, both lefthanders, led West Perry High to a 26–1 record and its first state class-AA baseball title. Brent had a 9–0 record and a 0.57 earned-run average in 73⅓ innings pitched, and hit .437 with nine triples and 13 stolen bases. Tim had an 11–0 record, with a 0.89 ERA in 55 innings, and a .362 batting average. Rice pitched the Mustangs to an 11–0 victory over Bishop Klonowski in the state semifinals, while Milligan defeated Oley Valley 4–0 in the finals.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

FUTURISTIC FOOTBALL

Sir:

If I remember correctly, Fran Tarkenton once said that passing to Homer Jones was like throwing to a "man on a motorcycle with a butterfly net." After reading *Gridiron 2000* (Sept. 3), one has to wonder if by the year 2000 we really will be seeing some kind of gladiatorial biker speeding past defenders. (Of course the souped-up woman quarterback will be allowed to use this play only once a game.)

Although Byron Donzis' predictions of biomechanical devices and calculators for quarterbacks and power packs for running backs are quite mind-blowing, he nevertheless makes the point that football must change to adapt to the attitudes and preferences of the new generation. Also, the artwork of Tommy Soloski was superb.

ART ROSSI
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Sir:

I disagree with Byron Donzis' suggestion that 21st-century football players will be assisted by biomechanical devices. Future quarterbacks may be able to throw the ball 135 yards on a line and their receivers may be able to jump six feet in the air, but it will be as a result of conditioning, not of mechanical aids.

The science of biomechanics can determine, for example, exactly how an athlete could increase his vertical jump from two feet to six feet: how much weight to lift, how many repetitions, etc. The body will adapt if that training is gradual and progressive. There is no need for bionic parts.

MICHAEL P. KENNEDY
Consultant
Sports Potential Realization
Northfield, Ill.

Sir:

Frank Deford's *Gridiron 2000* was very interesting. But speaking as an old 60-minute player (single-wing tailback, defensive halfback and punter), I feel football should be played by humans, not robots. If the innovations mentioned in Deford's article come to pass, I hope I am not around to witness *them*.

LANNY R. MIDDINGS
San Ramon, Calif.

Sir:

You may be shocked when 21st-century football arrives, but I won't be. In October 2000 I'll stroll into Boston's Fenway Park and watch the most popular sport reach its annual climax. Hundreds of millions of other people and I will get extreme satisfaction in knowing that baseball will then have been played in the same manner on the same field for nearly 90 years.

MIKE SALTER
Brentwood, Calif.

Sir:

As a high school football player, I found the sidebar *Gridiron 1979*, about the new and safer protective pads, very interesting. In my opinion, those pads should be put on the market as soon as possible, because if football becomes even safer, then it will also become the No. 1 sport in the world. I, for one, fully endorse Byron Donzis' new equipment.

BEN BRENNAN
Montclair, N.J.

CHOOSING SIDES

Sir:

The Seattle Seahawks *fourth* (Scouting Reports, Sept. 3)? Impossible! Why did you rate Seattle so low? You did the same thing last year, and look what happened!

BRENT VAN BEEK
Lynden, Wash.

Sir:

When did the Seahawks become the team with the league's ugliest uniform? Two years ago, in a player poll, the Seahawks' uniform ranked as third best, behind the attire of Dallas and Los Angeles.

BOB MAILHOT
Olympia, Wash.

Sir:

In the scouting report on Atlanta, Steve Bartkowski is quoted as saying, "I look around *now* and I see only one other guy on offense who has more years here than I do. . . ." Jim Mitchell (tight end) and Jeff Van Note (center) were starters on offense while Peachtree Bart was still throwing for the California Golden Bears.

As for Atlanta's receivers, Alfred Jenkins is hardly "the only deep threat." Alfred Jackson, Wallace Francis and Billy Ryckman all caught touchdown passes of more than 50 yards last season, and Francis and Ryckman each had 45 receptions and averaged more than 15 yards per catch.

RANDY HART
Gainesville, Fla.

ASHE'S HEART ATTACK

Sir:

To Arthur Ashe's list of professional athletes suffering heart attacks in their prime (*It Couldn't Be a Heart Attack—But It Was*, Sept. 3) should be added the name of one of the greatest bowlers of all time, Earl Anthony. Upon returning to the 1979 winter tour after having had a heart attack in '78, Earl won one tournament and had numerous second- and third-place finishes. His comeback continued throughout the summer tour.

I hope Ashe's recovery is as successful as Anthony's, because Ashe's fine demeanor and professionalism make him, like Anthony, one of the truly great men in sports today.

RICHARD E. GREENBERG
Lawrence, N.Y.

Sir:

Thank you very much for the article explaining Arthur Ashe's recent heart attack. His condition was of great concern to me, because Ashe has long been one of my sports heroes and reports pertaining to his condition were sketchy at best.

The article shows a side of Ashe that best reflects why I admire him—his determination to come back after a misfortune that would have ended most players' careers. There are world-class athletes and world-class people. When the two come together in someone like Ashe, it is a rarity and inspiring.

ROBERT SNYDER
Dallas

BASEBALL CITY

Sir:

I especially enjoyed the piece on Conway Twitty and minor league baseball in Nashville (*Another Hit Sound in Music City U.S.A.*, Sept. 3), partly because I remember seeing Twitty when he was a young rock-'n'-roll (not country) singer in the early '60s, and partly because I've been a minor league buff since, as a 7-year-old, I saw my first Pacific Coast League game at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field in 1948.

It's great to hear that minor league ball is flourishing in Nashville, but I think a check of past attendance figures will show that the Hawaii Islanders' total of 467,800 in 1970, which you cite as the alltime record, actually is far short of what many PCL teams—notably L.A. and San Francisco—drew in the 1940s. The Angels and Seals both attracted more than 600,000 fans, I believe.

JIM DAVIS
Escondido, Calif.

• Right. Minor league baseball did attract larger crowds in the years right after World War II, before TV and other factors brought about a decline in attendance. The Hawaii Islanders' 1970 record of 467,800 is the mark for recent years—or at least it was the record. During the 1979 regular season, Columbus of the Triple A International League drew 505,970, and Nashville 504,401.—ED.

Sir:

As a Nashvillian who has never been to the Grand Ole Opry and who hasn't been to

continued

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Opryland for many years. I would like to thank you for your article on the Sounds. It's about time someone recognized this city for something other than country music. Maybe we can change the familiar nickname of Music City U.S.A. to Baseball City U.S.A.

MONTE BRITT
Nashville

PLAYING BOTH SIDES

Sir:

In BASEBALL'S WEEK (Sept. 3) Jim Kaplan mentioned that Mets Centerfielder Lee Mazzilli may be "the first big-leaguer to join the ranks of management while still a player." Harry Wright, one of the pioneers of organized professional baseball and a centerfielder for Cincinnati and Boston, was secretary pro tem for the National League at the time of its inception. Better yet, Bob Ferguson, an infielder with New York, Brooklyn and Hartford in the National Association, was president of the association for two of the five years it existed. Significantly, the association's full name was National Association of Professional Baseball *Players* (my italics); the full name of the National League has always been the National League of Professional Baseball *Clubs*. The distinct separation of labor (players) and capital (the clubs, or owners) was perhaps the most important event in pro sports in this country.

MARC ONIGMAN
Lincoln, Mass.

ROCK OF AGES

Sir:

I really enjoyed the article about the 18-year-old racehorse Golden Arrow (*Good Old Time for an Oldtimer*, Sept. 3). He is indeed remarkable, but his dam, Rock Mart, is even more so. A foal of 1941, she has produced 13 offspring, four of which have raced more than 100 times: Market Out (103 races, 18 wins), Wellfleet (106 races, five wins); Happy Face (104 races, 21 wins); and, of course, Golden Arrow. Rock Mart has also produced Montenegrin (89 races, 11 wins) and Flawless Rock (59 races, six wins).

ELLEN BURNETT
San Jose, Calif.

KNIGHT'S CASE

Sir:

The item in SCORECARD (Sept. 3) really got to the heart of the Bobby Knight affair. Although I think the penalty imposed is wrong, I also feel that Knight was wrong in not going to the trial and that he is wrong now in not appearing before the judge to appeal the verdict. Coach Knight is hurting his own cause by being stubborn.

JEFF OWEN
Southbury, Conn.

Sir:

Regarding SI's view of the Bobby Knight incident, I couldn't disagree more. The sentence ($500 fine and six months in jail) is ludicrous, and any court that would issue such a sentence is not worth complying with. Nor is the offer of a suspended sentence by such a court to be trusted.

I don't blame Bobby Knight for not appearing in Puerto Rico, and I think there are few people who would appear if placed in his situation.

ROBERT MURDOCK
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir:

If Puerto Rican courts are not "drumhead institutions," then why would the case of Bobby Knight, with all of the eyewitness testimony in his behalf, even reach a trial? There should never even have been one.

And why does SI consider Knight's not showing up an insult to the court, when you state that pleading *in absentia* is perfectly "acceptable under Puerto Rican law"?

If Bobby Knight spends even one day in a Puerto Rican jail, it will be because the Puerto Ricans don't like him, not because he is guilty of any crime. And if not liking someone is the basis for sending one to jail, who amongst us would avoid serving time?

MICHAEL EMERY
St. Louis

Sir:

I have defended hundreds of people accused of crimes in my life, and the ones who were truly not guilty wanted to move heaven and earth to prove it. Congratulations on standing up for the values that keep our nation together.

CHARLES B. TIFFANY
Attorney-at-Law
Kissimmee, Fla.

MISPLACED FRONTIER

Sir:

Thank you for the recognition you gave Detective Don Patterson of our Cheyenne Police Department (SCORECARD, Aug. 20). We are extremely proud of our police officers, and they were doubly effective during our Frontier Days celebration.

Frontier Days is a great outdoor rodeo that is held annually during the last full week in July. We invite all your readers to the 1980 festivities, however, please advise them that Cheyenne is in the great state of Wyoming, not Colorado.

DON ERICKSON
Mayor
City of Cheyenne
Cheyenne, Wyo.

NOMINATIONS

Sir:

In reading the 19TH HOLE in your Silver Anniversary Issue (Aug. 13), I noticed the first of the 1979 Sportsman of the Year nominations. Here is another, for a man who has always been one of my idols: Lou Brock.

DON KIMMINAU
Monument, Colo.

Sir:

Earl Weaver gets my vote.

KEITH D. SMITH JR.
Miami

Sir:

For the ultimate in team effort, I nominate all of the Baltimore Orioles.

DENNIS MARKLE
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Sir:

Willie McCovey

ERIC ANDERSON
Atwater, Calif.

Sir:

Webster's defines a sportsman as "a person who is fair and generous and a good loser and a graceful winner." As the football season comes and goes this year, I think you will find no man more deserving of the title Sportsman than Earl Campbell.

CHARLIE WALDIE
Austin, Texas

Sir:

Kurt Thomas, for being the first American male since 1932 to win an international gymnastics event.

TONY WEEKS
Woodward, Iowa

Sir:

Bryan Allen did not break any world records, or win 30 games or bat .400. He did not ride a horse to the Triple Crown or lead his team to victory in the Super Bowl. He simply performed a feat no one had ever accomplished before: using only his own legs as a power source, he flew across the English Channel.

BOB OSBORNE
Ironton, Ohio

Sir:

I know that Sir Roger Bannister was your first Sportsman of the Year and that Jack Nicklaus was your most recent, but who were the Sportsmen and Sportswomen in between? How about a listing?

I also nominate Sebastian Coe for your 1979 award. His remarkable performances in breaking the 800-meter, 1,500-meter and mile records definitely carry on the tradition established by your inaugural Sportsman.

DAVID MANN
South Gate, Calif.

• Here is the list.—ED

1954	Roger Bannister	1967	Carl Yastrzemski
1955	Johnny Podres	1968	Bill Russell
1956	Bobby Morrow	1969	Tom Seaver
1957	Stan Musial	1970	Bobby Orr
1958	Rafer Johnson	1971	Lee Trevino
1959	Ingemar Johansson	1972	John Wooden & Billie Jean King
1960	Arnold Palmer		
1961	Jerry Lucas	1973	Jackie Stewart
1962	Terry Baker	1974	Muhammad Ali
1963	Pete Rozelle	1975	Pete Rose
1964	Ken Venturi	1976	Chris Evert
1965	Sandy Koufax	1977	Steve Cauthen
1966	Jim Ryun	1978	Jack Nicklaus

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